

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ a copy

GENERAL LIBRARY
AUG 1 1913
UNIV. OF MICH.

*The Noiseless
Suffragette*

By GEORGE FITCH

In Pittsburgh

By FRANCIS HILL



Tuxedo—A Hit with the Hit-Makers



JOE TINKER

Joe Tinker, manager and short stop of the Cincinnati National League Team, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo after a game is the most restful smoke I can find."

Joe B. Tinker



MILLER HUGGINS

Miller Huggins, manager and second baseman of the St. Louis National League Team, says:

"I'm for Tuxedo every time. It's cool, mild, fragrant—everything the ballplayer could want in his tobacco."

Miller Huggins



ROGER BRESNAHAN

Roger Bresnahan, famous catcher, now with the Chicago Cubs, says:

"Tuxedo appeals to me more than other tobaccos; it's so remarkably mild and soothing. Easily my favorite smoke."

Roger Bresnahan

HUNDREDS of the snappiest ballplayers in the country—the clean-cut athletes who provide Americans with their greatest outdoor relaxation—enthusiastically endorse Tuxedo. This is the kind of endorsement that carries a convincing punch.

These men know that Tuxedo is a mild, pure tobacco, which can be smoked all day with pleasure. Tuxedo *can not bite* the tongue; it burns freely and smoothly, giving a cool, sweet smoke.

And thousands of the fans that pack the stands consider their pipeful of Tuxedo as half the enjoyment of their afternoon off.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

From the scoreboard man to the magnate in the private box, everybody on the grounds is "catching on to" the *supreme merit* of Tuxedo.

Tuxedo is made from the finest, mildest leaves of high-grade Burley tobacco, so treated under the famous *original "Tuxedo Process"* that it burns slow and cool, with a delightful flavor and aroma. The "Tuxedo Process" makes it impossible for this perfect tobacco to bite or sting the most delicate throat or tongue.

Tuxedo has many imitators—in outward appearance. It has *no* equal in the pipe.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.



SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States. Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Drawer S
Jersey City, N. J.



FRED CLARKE

Fred Clarke, famous manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, says:

"I'd advise every ballplayer to smoke Tuxedo. I do, always. I know of no other tobacco that gives the satisfaction that Tuxedo does."

Fred Clarke



JIMMY ARCHER

Jimmy Archer, of the Chicago Cubs, well-known catcher and "300" hitter, says:

"Tuxedo is my idea of a good smoke in every way—coolness, mildness, purity. Tuxedo is a winner."

Jimmy Archer



JACK McINNIS

Jack McInnis, star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

"Tuxedo gives a cool, mild smoke, and never affects the wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."

John M. McInnis



HOW WARNER ACCURACY HELPED BEAT THE ENGLISH . . .

THIS little craft bounds over the water at 40 miles an hour. It is the champion record smashing Dixie II., of the famous family of Dixie speed boats.

Her victorious race for the Harmsworth trophy in the great international contest against the invading English speed crafts, the Daimler II., and the Wolseley-Siddeley, has often been attributed to accurate aid of the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

A Warner Auto-Meter was installed on her eight cylinder motor to keep track of the number of engine revolutions. The race proved a furious one. Had the Dixie's engine, even for the slightest fraction of an instant, dropped

below its capacity number of revolutions per minute, she would have lost.

But the oil-skinned, spray-splashed Dixie crew had the Warner to accurately check the necessary and vital revolutions. They knew of no other mechanical device which they could everlastingly depend on. They pinned their faith to the Warner. They did not make a mistake; neither did the Warner.

The Warner Auto-Meters you see today on 97 per cent of all the highest priced automobiles are built on the same principle (magnetic) as the instrument which helped the Dixie beat the English invaders.

A Warner Auto-Meter on the car

you buy is a good indication of a quality car. Every automobile manufacturer who is sincere in his efforts to give you the maximum value for your money equips his cars with the Warner.

You can have a Warner on any automobile if you ask for it. Some manufacturers will endeavor to give you something they claim "just as good." That is because the cost is less. But do not take it. Insist on a Warner—the world's most accurate speed and mileage indicator.

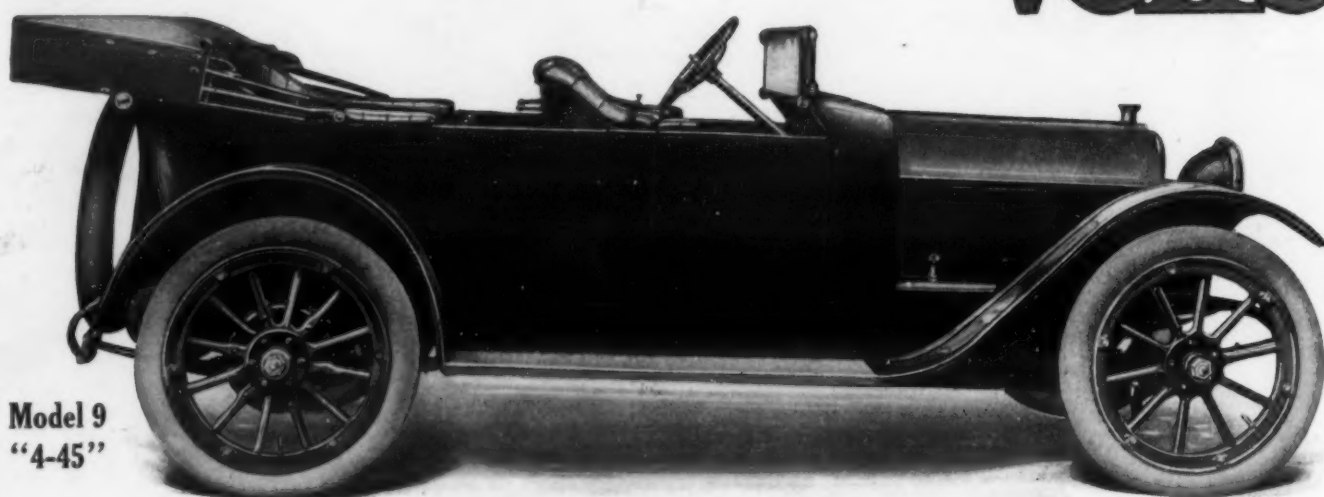
A Warner is a guarantee on the part of the automobile manufacturer that he is not skimping; that he is giving you your money's worth. See that you get a Warner.

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Beloit, Wisconsin

WARNER AUTO-METER

1914

Velie



Model 9
"4-45"

A new light "Six" with fifty horsepower and two other equally remarkable Velie models—the utmost in real, usable value that can be built in an automobile!

Velie Model 10—The new Velie "6-50," nearly 1500 pounds lighter than the usual car of its size and power. Easy riding, easy to drive, remarkably economical on tires and gasoline. Price **\$2350**

Five-Passenger Touring, Four-Passenger Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster

Velie Model 9—The new "4-45." A continuation of the famous Velie "4-40," with more power, more room, more comfort. Highest possible quality, even to quality of hand-buffed leather upholstery. Price **\$2000**

Five-Passenger Touring, Four-Passenger Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster

Velie Model 5—The new "4-35." An exceptionally powerful small car, with equipment including the most advanced type of electric starter and electric lighting—identical with that used on the bigger Velie models. Price **\$1500**

Five-Passenger Touring

These Specifications Are Common to All Velie Cars for 1914

Motor—"L" head, long stroke. Stromberg carburetor. High power on low gasoline consumption.

Ignition—Bosch dual system. All wiring enclosed and protected by brass conduits.

Lubrication—Positive feed. Cylinders and pistons lubricated by splash. Oil pump completely enclosed, protected in engine base.

Cooling System—Extra large radiators. Centrifugal pump on "4-45" and "6-50." Thermosiphon on "4-35."

Transmission—Heat treated, nickel steel gears, four speeds on "4-45" and "6-50." Three speeds on "4-35."

Springs—Exceptionally long springs with extra wide leaves. Semi-elliptic front and three-quarters elliptic rear. Pullman-like riding ease on all roads.

Clutch—Velie special dry-plate clutch, positive but smooth in action, no grabbing.

Electric Starter—Gray & Davis electric starter. The highest grade of starter built today—with record of unflinching service.

Electric Lighting—Gray & Davis electric lighting. Current supplied from storage battery used in the starting system.

Tires—Quick-detachable, demountable rims. Velie light weight on tires of ample size, guarantees freedom from tire trouble.

Clean Body Lines—High side bodies with deep cowl dash and concealed door handles. Running boards free from battery box or other incumbrances. Clear running boards, with wide door, make the car especially easy to get in and out of. Spare tires carried at the rear where they help to balance weight of the car.

Deep Upholstery—Deep seat cushions and especially deep back cushions. Finest leather used throughout.

Equipment—Mohair top and envelope, ventilating windshield, Warner speedometer, extra demountable rim, concealed electric horn, foot rails, robe rails and complete tool kit.

What the Name Velie Stands for Among Automobile Owners

For five years the capacity of the Velie factory has been taxed to its utmost to supply the constantly growing demand for Velie cars—and this with practically no advertising. The mechanical perfection of the car, backed by the tremendous prestige of the Velie name, has won and held the confidence of thousands of automobile buyers.

Today the Velie ranks well up with the leading twelve cars in the number built and sold each year.

Now we have greatly increased our facilities for manufacture. Velie output for the next year will rank with the highest. The Velie advertising campaign, now started, is to give the automobile buying public the benefit of our five years of successful motor car building.

We have developed a car that—for real service, for all that

goes to make the owner satisfied—admits of no superior. And we have built it at a price well within the reach of all buyers of motor cars.

Let us show you what five years have brought forth in the Velie. It is an interesting story. It is of supreme importance to every person contemplating the purchase of a motor car.

Velie Service, the Velie guarantee, the Velie car itself, set new standards.

Velie Motor Trucks

Built in one-ton, two-ton, three-ton capacity, with special bodies for individual requirements, are showing an economy of operation and high standard of service that in some sections of the country makes them the only truck in general service. Write for details.

VELIE MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, 20 Velie Place, MOLINE, ILLINOIS

Branches and Dealers in Principal Cities

The Noiseless Suffragette

*She Painlessly
Extracted Suffrage
from the
Illinois
Legislature*



*The House elevator
fell with a crash.
"Oh, oh, there goes
a vote!" she cried
in the general din*

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

THE WRITER of this article, himself a legislator in Illinois, narrates, not with the groan of the victim, but with the elation of a friend, how four able, unobtrusive women modestly, relentlessly worked for the suffrage in their State. The account is interesting as are few in politics and thrilling as many in romance.

WHEN the Englishman, struggling out of the ruins of another blown-up country home, reads that the women of the wild hinterland of Illinois, around which, as he remembers, Chicago is situated, have obtained the ballot, he must wonder in a dazed manner what the Illinois women used in the way of explosives. If dynamite can't get suffrage in placid England, what could possibly have blasted it out of rip-roaring Illinois? What was the total of killed and wounded? Did the women poison Lake Michigan? Was the tomb of Lincoln rifled? Did the skin-clad suffragettes pen up the legislators in the Capitol, stuff the basement full of inflammables, and dictate terms with a torch?

Without Anesthetics

IT WOULD probably be an entire waste of time to attempt to convince the bruised and rumped Britisher that out in informal Illinois the women obtained the ballot without throwing a rock, losing a life, pulling a whisker, or sacrificing a meal. And it will probably convey some astonishment to portions of this country to state that the women of Illinois didn't pull off a single procession, make a single speech, or so much as emit one loud and hostile whoop during the five months' campaign before the Legislature. In fact, Illinois, which scarcely suspected the campaign at all, is only beginning to get over its surprise at the result. So is the Legislature, for that matter. As for the women themselves, they have all the dazed incredulity of the day laborer who has been invited to throw down his shovel and accept a bale of bonds from the estate of an unsuspected uncle. They have the ballot and they got it without warning. It is fifty years or more since the women of Illinois first began to shout for the ballot. Confidently expecting to shout for fifty more, and in the end to win out by the earnest use of their lungs, they paused shouting last winter, to take breath, and presently discovered the ballot in their hands. Not that the Illinois Legislature had anything in

particular to do with the gift. It wasn't a gift at all. It was more of an operation. Suffrage for women was removed from the Legislature, without anesthetics and in a painless manner, so deftly, scientifically, and unostentatiously that when the four Illinois women who were doing the job had finished they had practically to wake up the House of Representatives, as the dentist wakes his slumbering patient and says: "There? It's done. Never knew it; did you?"

Time passes and methods change. Science replaces mere earnestness and system has become our greatest miracle worker. The women of Illinois had asked for the ballot from year to year in all the well-known manners. They had prayed for it, pleaded for it, shouted for it, demanded it. They had marched for it, written for it, and had raised large war funds in its behalf. They had assaulted Springfield in trainloads. They had deluged the polls with printed pleadings. They had told man from boxes on the street corners that they were as good as he and would he

wait until they had stepped down and proved it? Singly and in cohorts the women of Illinois had tolled and struggled for the vote and approached it with all the rapidity of a stone hitching post racing with a telegraph pole. And then, just for a change, they tried system. As a result, score one more victory for the science which is revolutionizing everything from business to religion and vital statistics.

Last fall the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, which for many sessions of the Illinois Legislature had presented suffrage bills and had fought for them with consistently gloomy results, prepared for the next battle. It began as usual by appointing a chairman of the legislative committee, and this time it chose Mrs. Sherman M. Booth of Chicago, who was at that time enjoying ill health in a Michigan sanitarium. Mrs. Booth was a frail, quiet little live wire who knew nothing at all about politics. Moreover, she had no knowledge with which to cope with the problem of winning over a hostile Legislature. She had never seen a Legislature in action. She had met few politicians and these only accidentally. The well-known thousand and one methods of getting bills through an American Legislature were all contained in a hermetically sealed book and imbedded in concrete so far as she was concerned.

"Get us the vote, that's a dear"

IN FACT, Mrs. Booth was densely ignorant. Her selection was preposterous. She was a compendium of political deficiencies. All she had to work with was a university education in economics, sociology, psychology, and logic, with a teaching experience in civil government and a knowledge of bookkeeping. To ask her to assault a Legislature with this equipment seemed as foolish as to ask a physician to cure dropsy with a knowledge of counterpoint and fugue, and Mrs. Booth so told the anxious women who had appointed her. She declined.

But the women insisted. They had played politics against politicians for years and had always finished ten down and eight to go, to use a golfing term. They were tired of playing amateur politics against professionals. Maybe total ignorance, complicated with isms, wouldn't win, but it couldn't lose any more emphatically than the old plan. So they said to Mrs. Booth: "Go on down to Springfield and get us the vote, that's a dear. All you have to do is to win over a majority of the Senate and House and you can do it all by yourself. We'll not bother you. And we'll pay your expenses and telegraph bills to boot."

Perhaps the foolishness of the whole thing appealed to Mrs. Booth's sense of humor. At any rate, she con-





She sent for an Illinois Blue Book and cut out the pictures of the surviving legislators

sented, and the result was that late last fall the women of Illinois went after suffrage with the aid of sociology, psychology, \$2,000, and a card catalogue.

Mrs. Booth began her campaign on the morning after the election, and she began it in just the erratic way in which a woman might be expected to approach an important subject. She sent for an Illinois Blue Book and cut out the pictures of the surviving legislators. While looking over these pictures very earnestly Mrs. Booth pasted them on the backs of cards. There was one card for each legislator, and the front of the card was devoted entirely to information concerning him. It contained his home address, business address, telephone number, occupation, district, and party. It also had a place for his "affiliation," meaning his humidity, the wet and dry question being always a vital one in Illinois, another space for the name of his "boss," and another one for his newspaper obligation. His religion, his "type," his wife's belief in suffrage, and the name of a prominent suffragist in his district could also be recorded. So could his past record in general legislation and on suffrage. So could a few terse remarks at the bottom of the card.

How She Card-Indexed Them—

THROUGH November and December Mrs. Booth toiled on these cards, filling them out from every conceivable source of information, including past records, campaign pledges, the Legislative Voters' League reports, answers to letters, opinions of suffragist sympathizers, and guesses to be verified later. By January her card catalogue constituted a little psychological form chart of members, and as the session went on information was continually added or verified. This card catalogue would make exceedingly interesting reading in Illinois if it could be gotten out of the safe-deposit vault, for never has an Illinois Legislature been so carefully analyzed.

At the bottom of each card was the conclusion from a suffragist standpoint: "Friendly but indiscreet," "Record bad but his word is good," "Must be approached—" "Is influenced by the Daily ——" "Is controlled by ——" except on wet and dry matters," "Can be handled if his importance is deferred to—" These were some of the comments which were guideposts to the inner minds of the 204.

The Legislature convened on January 8, and the House at once distinguished itself by a Speakership deadlock which lasted through four tense and devastating weeks. During this time Mrs. Booth stayed at home, accumulating information and watching the work of every man in the House. She had by this time classified the members as follows: (1) Those pledged to suffrage; (2) those who had stood for suffrage in the past; (3) those who by character, reputation, and records ought to be for suffrage; (4) those opposed. She had written form letters—a different form for each class—to the members previously, and the answers helped tighten up the classification.

—And Marched into Chaos

ON THE day after the breaking of the Speakership deadlock Mrs. Booth gathered up her card catalogue and went to Springfield. She was accompanied by Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCullough, an able woman, whose hair had whitened during her long fight for the ballot and who had led many unsuccessful assaults in the State Capitol. She introduced Mrs. Booth to the old members who were friendly, gave her the fruit of her long experience in warnings, and bade her good-by. Then Mrs. Booth went up in the gallery of the House and sat down to watch the seething proceedings beneath her.

It was in many ways the most momentous session in the history of Illinois. A new

party, the Progressive, had made its appearance in the House with twenty-five members. Two United States Senators were to be elected. The first Democratic Governor elected in twenty years faced a Democratic delegation split into two wildly hostile halves. The Progressives and Republicans were irreconcilable. No party had a majority. Never had there been so much political ill feeling or so much politics unadulterated with patriotism to be played. And ahead of this chaos, too disorganized even to choose floor leaders, loomed the most comprehensive program of legislation ever laid before an Illinois House.

Some time that spring between its squabbles it was expected to get close enough together to pass an initiative and referendum resolution, repair the primary law and the workmen's compensation law, pass a public-utility law which would satisfy both Chicago and the down State, reform the tax laws, settle the fate of county option, and discuss many other important bills. Back of each of these bills was a huge lobby, composed of citizens, organizations, and public opinion. And in the gallery, watching the struggles of rival claimants for the attention of the House on these matters, sat 100 pounds of Illinois woman charged with the duty of tearing the House away from its other distractions and convincing it of the necessity of carrying woman suffrage across the Mississippi. Hercules thumbing over his list of tasks and wondering where to begin must have had some of this woman's feelings.

Mrs. Booth sat for seven weeks in the galleries of the House and Senate, while the Senatorial battle raged and the political situation became more complicated each day. At the end of that time it is doubtful if half the members of either branch knew her by sight, much less by name. She had made no progress with her bill and had talked but little with the legislators. On the other hand, she had studied every face below her from diagrams of the two Houses which she had prepared, and she knew every member by face and name. She knew every member's vote on such roll calls as might illuminate a man's character, political affiliations, or personal prejudices. And her card catalogue had been thoroughly revised.

As a diversion Mrs. Booth had been pledging Senators. It wasn't a particularly hard task, for the Senate had always been friendly and was expected to pass the bill over to the House as it usually had. Seven weeks after she came down Mrs. Booth sent for the president of the State Equal Suffrage Association, Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, and when Mrs. Trout arrived the first definite move was made. Senator Hugh S. Magill, who had introduced the bill in the Senate, was told that he might with safety pull the throttle, which he did. And the suffrage bill, after some hard work at the switches, which were manned by its enemies, rolled smoothly down the main track to third reading and out of the Senate to the House by a comfortable majority.

How They Used to Asphyxiate Suffrage Bills

THE passage of the bill through the Senate didn't cause a ripple. The House merely laughed at it. Passing bills for the other House to kill has always been a favorite legislative diversion. In fact, the enemies of suffrage in the House paid practically no attention to the incoming bill except to prepare a nice bed for it in a hostile committee where it might sleep in perfect comfort until Gabriel blew his trumpet.

There are so many ways of defeating bills in Legislatures that voting against them is only a trivial means and a last resort. In all the years in which the suffrage bill had been before the House of Representatives no member had had to vote for it. It had gotten into the wrong committee and had died. It had been amended to death on second reading. It had

gotten to third reading and had perished there at the close of the session. It had perished twice on third reading despite the fact that petitions had been presented to the Speaker signed by eighty members and asking that it be brought to a vote. For at the same time more than eighty members had privately besought the same Speaker not to let the bill come to a vote—seventy-seven being a majority of the House. And so, in the light of all this past experience, the enemies of suffrage couldn't seem to worry. If two women who didn't know anything about politics could jam that bill through third reading the day of miracles would be at hand.

It was natural that in their ignorance these women should have gone at the thing in exactly the wrong way. They went to their enemies for help. They sought one of the most influential members of the House—a man with a reactionary record as long as

the Hon. Joe Cannon's. He was classified in the card catalogue as a man who was hostile, but would keep his word and might be appealed to in behalf of fair play. They asked him to use his influence to get the bill to the right committee and on to the calendar. They told him their plans and troubles. It was a risky piece of business, but the card catalogue guessed right. The member promised two things—to get the bill into the House and to vote against it on third reading. And he stood manfully by both promises.



She cried. Women are always doing foolish things. So are the men. For some of the men cried too

Even the fact that the suffrage bill had slipped through the preliminary pitfalls and had gotten on to the calendar didn't worry the opposition. The second line of defense was the second reading. There they would amend it by striking out the enacting clause, and if that failed they would put a referendum provision on it—after which the united societies, the well-organized wets, and the other enemies of suffrage would get busy in case the impossible happened and the bill passed. With something over a week in which to accumulate their majority on second reading, the two women went back to their hotel, got out the card catalogue, and went to work.

Through the long weeks Mrs. Booth had found between fifty and sixty members who she believed would surely vote for the bill. These cards were taken out and put away in a special list. She had also discovered about forty members who were implacable and hopeless. These cards were also weeded out and put away. That left fifty members to work upon. Many of these were friendly. At various times Mrs. Booth had talked with all of them. Some of them she believed she could pledge. Mrs. Trout felt confident that she could pledge others. But there remained a residuum of "hard cases." Neither Mrs. Booth's quiet, dispassionate logic nor Mrs. Trout's impetuous earnestness could touch them. The third degree was needed. So the women telegraphed for Mrs. Antoinette Funk of Chicago.

Mrs. Funk, a little woman this side of forty, has been a practicing lawyer for many years. She is magnetic, resourceful, and has an almost irresistible persuasiveness. She arrived the next morning and took up the task of cracking the hard nuts. One by one she battered through their shells. And in the meantime Mrs. Trout got the district suffrage organizations busy. There are fifty-one of them in the State.

Telegraphic Sharpshooting

IN FORMER years they had swarmed to the Capitol in special trains at the critical moment and had buttonholed, pleaded, argued, wept, and exhorted. In their eagerness they wanted to do it again. That three women could accomplish what trainloads had failed to do seemed impossible. But the three were adamant. The trainloads must stay at home. But they might telegraph and write all they pleased. And they did. Telegraph operators ate their meals at their posts and messenger boys brought telegrams in bushel baskets. At one critical point Speaker McKinley received nearly 1,000 telegrams. Through the home organizations (Continued on page 29)



With reprehensible frivolity they were eating chocolates from a large box when last I saw them

In Pittsburgh

By Francis Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

STRANGELY like an ancient tale of feudal times and baronial power, but modern and real.

AT EAST LIBERTY STATION Laurie left the train, carried his bag the couple of short blocks down Penn Avenue, and caught a north-bound Highland Avenue car. At the end of the trolley line, near the head of Highland Avenue, he left the car in turn and slowly breasted the remaining long hill afoot.

Though by no means an especially poetic or observing man, he had a sudden poignant sense of how lovely an evening it was. Pausing, he set back his stocky shoulders, consciously drew in the fragrant damp air, stretched out his ungloved fingers toward the faint stir of night wind, soft as an undreamable caress. "April, April—" he began, half aloud, repeating a scrap of verse he had heard Eleonora say in the park the other night. This was his twenty-seventh April; twenty-six times before had the mysterious germinating month passed over his head, under his feet, and he knew nothing of it; suspected nothing of its wistfulness, its vague melancholy, its intoxication, its song. And now this whole new-found world of loveliness—Eleonora's world—now it had followed him, even here; even through the coke ovens and lurid Braddock yards; even here, to the edge of—

He swung sharp about on heel, stopped, looked fixedly behind him. The thick muscles tightened under his rough gray clothes, a flush of excitement ran tingling through him. Aye, there it all lay—there it all lay. There, spread far below, undulating to the east and the south and the west, profusely ribbed, under the tender spring night, with the long bluish-white dotted lines of arc lamps—there it all lay; his father's city, his city; the city of smoke, the city of sweat, the city of steel. There, wavering above, hung the old ominous dull glow in the sky—the symbol he had always been able to see from his windows the last thing before getting into bed at night; the eternal smoldering portent of a storm that had never quite broken; the savage, dun, iron-ore-powdered efflorescence—that light that never was on sea or land till one day a grimy, clear-brained man had come and put it there. God! How his complex and warring boyhood surged up into him again at the picture! How!—

Taut, intent, bag in hand, he continued to stand very still and watch the outspread city.

The light in the southern sky dulled a trifle, then flamed. Laurie knew he could never get away from that light. He had been born under it; it was his natal sign. What matter whether he loved or hated it, admired or feared? There it hung, deepening and thinning, the genius out of the fisherman's bottle, yet always doing the fisherman's will. And here crawled he—back—inevitably back—its somber burnish again on his cheek. For several long, absorbed minutes he stood and watched. Then, as abruptly as he had swung at first, he faced round up the hill and approached his father's house.

FROM the street that great castellated stone pile, set far back amid its beautiful lawns and masses of pale, new-leaved shrubbery, loomed gray and misty and silent in the hilltop dusk. Laurie could just make out the hall light, the lights to right and left. But when he shut his eyes he could see it all so clearly; see the many dainty and ornate rooms where his mother and sisters lived; the shaded lamps, the pretty fireplaces, the regiment of clever soft-footed servants. His mother and sisters—how intangible and remote their lives seemed to him at this minute! He discovered, with a pang of shame, that he had hardly thought definitely of his mother and sisters in a long while. It had almost required this sight of the house to bring their lives back to him. Yet—their lives, his life? Were not their lives quite as real and vivid to them as his life to him? With his free right hand he took himself roughly by the throat, as if to shake himself. He must not—he would not—become merely the one-ideaed man, dogmatic, insensible, grim; the dehumanized reformer!

It was with the library that his boy's shut eyes chiefly concerned

themselves. His father had a bedroom, a bathroom, and a dressing room of his own in the house. But with respect to the general living rooms, it might almost be said that the head of the family confined himself to the use of the library alone. He sat in the library practically all the waking time he spent in the house. It was tacitly agreed upon as his downstairs "domestic" field. Nobody else ever intruded upon it.

Laurie mentally reviewed the huge grand apartment, at once florid and barren, with its shiny mahogany finish, its low formal rows of unused book cases, its tons of carved mahogany furniture, its elaborate frescoed ceiling, its ingenious and theatrical system of lighting. Did his father actually like that room? Or was his father just impervious to all influences of that sort? Or was it, perhaps, quite simply, just a piece of careless fatalism? The architects and decorators had made such a room. It was a known place where the working member of a frivolous family would not be disturbed. Therefore he would sit in it. Futilely the boy wondered—even he. How terribly, terribly, little of understanding his father got from him!

And then his mind flashed back to the dingy, crumbling old Settlement House—to that tiny, triangular, gray-green room where Eleonora sat and worked and slept. Was it as big, all told—that room—as his father's library table? Perhaps. But if the giant shining table had been sawed into a thin shell of boards... His father—Eleonora Shifkin and his amazing, literal, coldly volcanic Titan of a father! And here he was, standing somewhere between them, with the strength of neither, yet somewhere between—he—here—tonight. He had some strength himself, too. What would he finally do with it? There were lights in the tall library windows. Turning in at the driveway gate, feudally bleak and imposing, Laurie went up the dim sweep of road to the house.

ONCE through the superb red portières, which cut him off from the hall, the head of the house dropped heavily into the first chair. He was intensely preoccupied—had been so all the way out—his concentrated energy of thinking untouched even by the incessant, sharp, rapid shift and swerve of his big car on the crowded evening streets. Kennerd, his clerk, who had sat silently for twenty minutes beside him in the car, now also followed a few steps behind into the room. Behind Kennerd followed Robbins, the impassive, middle-aged house butler. Robbins had attached himself to the party at the outer hall door.

Kennerd, looking back over his shoulder, saw the noiseless servant still in attendance. "Well, any scares to-day, old chap?" he jollied, as if glad to speak to some one.

Gravely the delicate and aristocratic butler shook his head. "No, sir. None to-day."

"That's right," commended Kennerd. "A little British pluck does it—eh, what, Robbins?" He turned briskly toward the table.

But Robbins, who had come to a stand by a corner of the bookshelves, continued to query his back with mute, deferential insistence. Kennerd, feeling the man still there, switched sharply round.

"Anything you want?"

"Only—to know about the dinner, sir."

"What about the dinner?"

"I wasn't sure you understood, sir. Mrs. Darmon and the young ladies are dining out."

"Well, what about it, what about it?" demanded Kennerd. "Get to the point."

"It's just the dinner here, sir, you understand?"

Robbins spoke with a deprecating obstinacy in which no bewilderment was allowed to enter. "There were some special things cooked—things sent down to Mr. Darmon from Canada. 'I'm still holding it, sir—the dinner—'"

"All off, Robbins. Clear away. Mr. Darmon's busy. We had a bite upstairs in the Building before we left town."

The butler winced a very little under the expected blow. "Very well, sir," he bowed. Among the people who practiced the conventions he understood, Robbins was impeccable. But here!—Stiffly he pivoted toward the hall door.



The room fell very silent. Not once since he had dropped into the chair had the steel king himself made sign or sound. Nor did he now. Profoundly sunk in the deep leather cushions, eyes half closed, square chin on breast, he lay moveless, flaccid. There was no thought of playing a part. It was the simple genius of efficiency—the using of every atom of mind and body in a given human organism toward a given end.

Robbins, passing out into the hall, hesitated, stopped, and again ventured to recall himself to Kennerd's brusque attention. "The windows are still raised on the terrace there, sir," he pointed out. "Shall I let them down?"

Kennerd glanced from the open windows to the fire on the hearth, a natural-gas fire burning through rows of holes in mounded clay logs. "No, it's all right yet," he concluded. "I'll ring."

"Very well, sir," said Robbins. Delicate and noiseless, he disappeared between the heavy brocaded hangings into the hall.

UNDER its many lamps the library basked. Darmon continued to rest like a bulky sculptured figure on the red leather cushions of his chair, only the brain alive. Kennerd leaned solidly against the massive and empty table, lightly drumming on the edges of it with his fingers. Now and then he gave a quick eye to his motionless chief, waited an instant, and smartly resumed the padded finger tattoo. Beyond that—nothing.

At length Darmon stirred, very slightly, in his chair. "Going out?" he inquired.

Kennerd straightened alertly, stopped drumming. "Tuesday. No, I've nothing on for to-night."

"I want to give you a couple of letters."

With the simple and healthy enthusiasm of nine in the morning, the clerk snapped a hand to his side coat pocket. But Darmon checked him with a look.

"No hurry if you're not going out," he leisurely added. "Just so you get Frayton's letter off on the late train."

"Whenever you're ready," agreed Kennerd. He let the notebook drop back into his pocket.

After his long intellectual fixity, Darmon also showed the impulse to stretch himself in words. "Kaler," he sounded in his chill voice. "I've just decided about him. He was a mistake. He's done."

"Hey! Kaler?" On the hearthrug Kennerd quivered with excitement. "Then the tip I picked up in the Building was straight! He got gay again—at the meeting this afternoon—"

"He's the kind of fool, I see, that absolutely has to be cramped, once for all," murmured Darmon. "Nothing else will satisfy him."

"By gad!" swore Kennerd. He made an honest, worried, boyish gesture. "By gad, Mr. J. C.—this is bad! It is, you know. Kaler." His eyes altered and he looked admiringly down and across at his chief. "Well, you certainly have got your nerve!" Darmon returned the look without feeling of any sort. "But Kaler!" Inconsequently, in his worry, the clerk flew off at a tangent. "You remember how fond Laurie used to be of Kaler?"

THE other broke his long immobility—that wonderful, vital, plastic quiet in the chair—with a start. "Laurie!" he ejaculated. Without an instant's warning he swept on into a passion of violent, low-voiced anger. "Here! What the devil do you mean—bringing Laurie into this?"

"Why—you know—I simply say—"

Darmon fought himself down as by the pressure of a hydraulic clamp. "Yes, of course, Harry. Don't mind me. I've had an off day." Without restlessness he got up and moved to his own particular chair by the hearth. "Did I tell you I spent three hours with Laurie in New York yesterday?"

"Three hours? Three hours?" Kennerd, unresentful, marveled in all sincerity. "Out of that one day? I thought you'd enough to keep you going every minute till train time!"

"I put things through," said Darmon. "It was a fine afternoon, and Laurie wanted to take me out to



the park. We rode down Fifth Avenue on top of a bus, and then sat twenty minutes on a bench in Madison Square. There were a lot of kids playing about the fountain."

"Well, well, well," muttered Kennerd foolishly. "Well, well." Embarrassed and hesitating, he put a blurred question. "He shows no signs—Laurie—of letting up—of losing interest? He's still as keen?"

"Keener," replied Darmon. "The idea grows on him. He gives himself no rest for it. I wanted him to come home with me yesterday for a week or two—he looked worn out, all in. But he'd some important meeting on for last night."

Three feet away, on the hearthrug, Kennerd braced with sudden resolution. "Mr. J. C., I suppose you hear the talk that's going round the building about Laurie?"

"Well, I hear lots of talk."

"I mean," persisted Kennerd doggedly, "about his getting mixed up with socialism, and all that sort of thing, in New York. Even anarchists, they say—whatever precious difference there is!" Darmon let an awkward pause fall between them.

"You ought to know," floundered Kennerd, savagely struggling on.

"Of course, Harry," Darmon finally approved. (His irony, though faint and close lipped, was destructive as an acid.) "Of course. And naturally I've not been allowed to escape. Then there's Laurie himself. The meeting he couldn't leave to come home with me last night was an East Side socialistic hurrah of some sort or other, I believe."

THE clerk narrowed his shoulders, gulped. "I'm sorry, Mr. J. C.," he mumbled ruefully. "I've made an ass of myself." He flattened his back, took a distracted step, then abruptly returned to his doggedness. "All the same, Mr. J. C., I swear to you it's dead wrong—dead wrong!"

"My son, eh?" smiled Darmon. "My only son?"

"It's dead wrong, Mr. J. C., I tell you!" cried Kennerd, gathering strength. "Everybody says so. Do you think the Pinkertons and the old strike is wiped out yet? Well, I should slightly whisper not—not for a minute! And now another big tie-up on the cards at Duquesne, and Kaler, the men's friend, bucking you till you have to squeeze the life out of him! It ain't reasonable, Mr. J. C.—you know it ain't! You're the worst hated antilabor man in the United States—in the world. And your son hand in glove with the whole New York raft of red-flag rats and maniacs!"

Again Darmon fixed him with his almost imperceptible, edged smile. "You've got cold feet, Harry, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," declared the clerk roundly. "That's just what I've got, all right—cold feet. I wake up in the middle of the night sometimes in an icy sweat."

"You ought to see a doctor," sneered Darmon, just above his breath.

"Well, I'll say this for myself, Mr. J. C.," Kennerd struck back. "We've not been putting you next to everything lately. We have not—not by a good long shot! There's trouble breeding. You've been getting a big enough mail of threatening letters the past month to fire a furnace. Bombs, blood, skulls and bones! I don't need a doctor—I could kick right out and make guard on the State team to-morrow. I ain't any more nervous than other people. But some of these letters give me a jump. They do, they do—I admit it! And we picked up one long-haired brute in the corridors of the building the other day, sneaking around and asking messenger boys which were your rooms!" He quieted. "You take it from me, Mr. J. C., that guy looked the real thing. Believe me—I saw his eyes. He didn't happen to have the goods on him at that minute!"

"And you think," inquired Darmon, "that Laurie's East Side work helps all this along?"

Kennerd paced the thick hearthrug in his embarrassment. "No, no, no!" he protested. "No, no, that's putting it away too strong. I didn't say that. All I say is—well, I see the letters. Of course Laurie don't guess—never dreams—"

HIS chief smiled more openly at him. "You're a good loyal lad, Harry—"

"I know," grimly completed the other. "But a fool."

Darmon overlooked him thoughtfully. "No, no fool. Still, if you expect to get on, you'll have to grow up. Men are never going to be any easier to handle.

They're developing with the plants themselves—developing into more modern and complex machines."

"Oh," said Kennerd easily, "that's all right. I'm not losing any sleep about that. Let 'em develop into whatever they please. Your little system will always fix that."

"My little system? What is my little system?"

AGAIN the eager, able, hard-faced young stenographer grinned his frank admiration. "Why, like with Kaler just now. The iron hand. The hook. No baby food and flowers. Play the game or beat it and be damned to you."

"Ah," commented Darmon. "So that's my little system?"

"Ain't it?" queried Kennerd. "That is—" He stuttered, but was determined to bring the thing out. "That is—it's your system, I'd say, with everybody but Laurie."

Laurie's father sketched a slight gesture in the air. He did not dislike this devoted simple-minded boy who ate up sixteen hours' work a day and asked for



"Look out for him," she warned in a dull, unemphatic voice. "Look out for him. He came to kill you"

more, who would cheerfully have knocked down a policeman for him, who was not afraid to beard him in his hold. "Ah," he merely sounded again. Then he pointed to the smoking stand across the hearth. "Pass me a cigar, will you?"

"Anyway," maintained Kennerd stoutly, handing the box, "Laurie ought to be told. Everybody says so. He ought to be more careful about you when you go to New York. Most of these filthy threatening letters come from New York. I'll bet you there were a dozen anarchists sunning themselves—like the cursed snakes they are—in Madison Square yesterday. And you two sitting and talking right among 'em! It's a wonder Laurie didn't run you down to Mulberry Bend, to see some new piece of plumbing in a tenement!" Indignantly he scratched a match for the chief's cigar, and lighted one himself.

DARMON lay back in his chair and smoked with immense quiet relish.

"I really do believe you've got bad cold feet," he presently murmured.

"I wake sitting straight up in bed sometimes, I tell you," growled Kennerd, "grabbing at the covers, in a drip of sweat!"

They smoked silently, each in his fashion, for some minutes, Kennerd with his broad back propped against the mantel. And silently, through the red portières, Laurie entered from the hall.

"Hello the house!" he called lightly.

In one bound Darmon sprang clear of his deep chair. "You, Laurie?" he cried. Impulsively he hurried across the room.

They struck hands with powerful friendly warmth—though short, they were both square, thick-set men.

"I told Robbins to let me surprise you," explained Laurie.

"It's a good surprise, that—always!" Darmon's chill voice fairly vibrated. His eyes fed hungrily on the boy. He stepped back from him only when Kennerd, a trifle sheepish and confused, also came up to shake hands.

"Well, well, well!" pronounced Kennerd. "Now what do you think of that? And we haven't spoken of you before—"

"Hope I didn't stumble in on anything," laughed Laurie.

Darmon returned close. "I was mentioning our afternoon to Harry. But you don't know how good it is—how mighty, mighty good—to see you back in the house again! It seems an age—months—"

"Yes," admitted Laurie. "Five months." None too steadily, he took in the room. "And mother and the girls—Robbins tells me they're dining out?"

The steel king nodded carelessly. "I believe so."

"At the Redloves?"

"Very likely. I hadn't heard. I'd just got in myself." He moved back to his deep armchair by the fire. "But come sit down, my boy—sit down, sit down. Whatever brought you through by daylight?"

"I'd some things to think out," said Laurie. "I'm not sure I got anywhere. But at least I didn't altogether waste the time."

The words, without intention, struck a certain note, thrust a sudden electrical surcharge into the air. Harry Kennerd caught his chief's eye.

"You're not ready to give me those letters yet?"

DARMON, half frowning, glanced at his watch. "In three-quarters of an hour."

"Then I'll be off to the garage—tell Tony to stick around for the late train. Oh, Laurie, we've got the new craziest little devil of a driver! But I'll see you later." With a glimpse at the dial of his own watch, the clerk strode out.

"Now," breathed Laurie. He did not patter one instant. Flinging himself into the deep chair facing his father, he looked straight across. "Father, I'm here on a hard errand. Just about the hardest in the world. But it would be even worse—a thousand times worse—if I wasn't so cocksure of you. I'm always sure of you, though."

The other indicated the smoking stand. "There are your cigars, you know. The lower box. Robbins keeps them moistened."

"I've stopped smoking," said Laurie.

"I thought I noticed you didn't smoke yesterday." "No. I found myself getting pretty deep in the Russian cigarette habit. It's not that I'm not husky enough to stand it. But I teach young boys, you see—"

"Oh, it's all right," smiled Darmon. "Only you've got a frightful lot of nerve. I couldn't break off."

"The thing I'm here to talk with you about to-night is miles harder than that."

DARMON eyed him with his smiling intensity. "Out with it, my boy."

"I've come to the point where I've just got to make myself independent of you, father. Fully, fully independent."

"Pshaw, now. That's not so terrible, is it? You had me frightened." The steel king stretched a leisurely arm out along the arm of his chair. "Fully independent of me? Let's take stock. Fully independent of me? Why, you *are* fully independent of me. Aren't you? Except a little money, of course. Is it the money?"

"I'm twenty-seven years old, sound, able-bodied, of fair average intelligence. I ought by all means to be earning my own living."

"Let's take stock, I say. You *do* earn your own living, don't you? Couldn't you live on what you make by your writing, speaking, and so on?"

"I think so—yes."

"Of course you could. You work twice as hard, twice as long, as any \$2,000 clerk. There'd be no sense in it—no economic sense—if the work didn't bring you in a living wage. Would there? You're too modern not to see that."

"I'm going to live on my workman's wages from now on."

"My dear boy, I've absolutely no objection. I like the idea."

"I knew I could count on you. You always help me."

"Pshaw. This is no help. We make no change. We let things stand just as they are." (Concluded on page 32)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT MUST be admitted freely, even by the most partisan Democrats when they are candid, that the present tariff bill is far from a perfect thing. It must also be admitted that there is no consistent principle running through it—neither free trade, nor tariff for revenue, nor protection. This passage took place between the Republican Senator from Washington and the Democratic Senator from Maine, concerning an item, gallic acid, on which the duties of the Payne-Aldrich Bill are actually increased by the Wilson-Underwood Bill:

Mr. JONES—Is that increase particularly for revenue or a compensatory rate?

Mr. JOHNSON—For revenue, and also to equalize the conditions and equalize the cost of conversion.

Similar admissions have been made again and again by the Democrats. All this is no argument against the bill. The present Democratic effort is, on the whole, to reduce the tariff downward and at the same time do as little injustice as possible to the complex and artificial structure which has been built up during twenty years of abnormal protection. It is more and more apparent that tariff making should be done by a board of experts who would give all their time to it and continue the work through a period of years. This will have to come. But when it does come it will be enabled to begin, thanks to the present Democratic effort, on a reasonable basis. Most of the Republican advocacy of a tariff board during the past few years was meant to delay revision downward, to preserve the high Republican standards as long as possible, and spread the work of revision downward over a series of years.

Red Tape

SENATOR CUMMINS of Iowa, in the course of a speech on the tariff, made use of a map of the United States which was on the wall in sight of the Senators. He asked that this map be inserted in the Congressional Record as a part of his remarks. To achieve this took a motion and a vote of the Senate. These entailed as much debate as consumes three pages of the Congressional Record—probably thirty minutes. Considering that the ordinary sessions of the Senate, as a rule, last but four or five hours a day and less than thirty hours a week, half an hour is a good deal of time. Nor is this by any means an isolated or unusual example of the lack of directness and efficiency which is the chief bane of the Government in Washington just now. Some of it, of course, is inherent and unpreventable. But one of the most certain things about the future is that the forms of government, if necessary, will be changed in order to get greater directness and efficiency.

What Started It

SENATOR LANE of Oregon made this contribution to a debate which touched slightly upon the question of intervention in Mexico:

A number of years ago I was down upon the northern border of Mexico, and I accompanied a

gentleman who was engaged in mining. . . . He recited to me, as an evidence of his great skill in acquiring the goods of this world, how he got into possession of copper mining and other property in that country. He stated that he had been aided in getting hold of large possessions in that country by using undue financial influence with the Government; that by that means citizens of this country were acquiring large tracts of immensely valuable properties in Mexico, not by virtue of any such laws as we have in this country, but by bribery of officials and chicanery and skulduggery. If you please; and having gained possession at a very low rate, for 5 or 10 cents an acre, the land was afterward sold for \$20 and \$30 an acre. Thus they were enabled to make a great deal of money and—

If the United States is finally forced to assume an embarrassing burden, or even to shed blood, in Mexico, it will be because of exactly such property as is here described. Probably some form of mediation or intervention ultimately will have to come as the best solution of the situation as it now exists, but it will help to remember Senator Lane's description of how this situation began.

A Cause for Delicacy

THE chief advocate of the theory that the United States ought to take some action with regard to Mexico is Senator Albert Bacon Fall of New Mexico. Senator Fall's official autobiography in the Congressional Record contains this line:

Now engaged in farming and stock raising in New Mexico, and in mining in Mexico.

Some Senators would see in this fact a cause for delicacy about urging the United States into trouble about Mexico.

Williams or Smoot

THE bulk of the most effective fighting against the Wilson-Underwood Tariff Bill is done by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah. Senator Smoot's long formal speech closed with this ringing declaration of faith:

I have visited the leading industrial countries of the world. I have seen there the value placed upon human labor. I have seen the poverty, the squalor, and suffering to which the laborer is subjected. I have seen the effect of such upon the men, women, and children of those countries, and I have made a vow that no act of mine shall ever place an American workman in the position of having to compete with such conditions. There is only one way to prevent it, and that is by a protective tariff, and therefore I have been, and am still, a protectionist without qualification.

This is the old-time Standpatter cry. But it would be a mistake to conclude that Senator Smoot is merely a stupid Standpatter. His speeches, as well as his sharpshooting in debate, show hard work and plenty of study. His persistence in opposition was cleverly described by Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. A large part of what was said is worth quoting here because it is typical of the very best political debate now available in the United States:

Mr. WILLIAMS—Mr. President, I am somewhat accustomed to the quiet assumption of my friend, the Senator from Utah, that people who hold different views from his do not know anything

about the subject under discussion, or much of anything else; but it has become such a habit of thought with him that I am not always inclined to believe that it is a conclusive thing. . . .

Mr. President, I did not intend to break into this discussion. . . . I simply could not resist when I saw the confidence, the aplomb, the nonchalance, the intellectual certainty of my friend, the Senator from Utah [Mr. Smoot]. It reminds me a little of what Lord Mansfield said about Thomas Babington Macaulay. He said: "If I were as cocksure of one thing in the world as Thomas Babington Macaulay is of everything, I would be the happiest man of my acquaintance." The Senator must get over the idea that people who differ with him do not know anything. For the most part they do not, but it is not because they differ from him; it is because, for the most part, humanity does not know much anyway. Very few of us do, and I will frankly confess that after a study of this tariff question the more we study it the greater our consciousness of our ignorance grows. If the Senator from Utah is not prepared to confess that, I am so far as I am concerned. Let us not be too sure now of our intellectual superiority to one another. . . .

Next, perhaps, to the distinguished ex-Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. Aldrich, the Senator from Utah had more to do with fixing these protective tariffs . . . than any man of that Congress. Now his soul is distressed because he is afraid that what he taxed at 250 per cent may possibly, under a Democratic tariff bill, be taxed at 70 per cent. I can readily understand why I should feel distressed, but I confess I do not understand why the Senator from Utah should feel distressed.

Of course we expected Senators upon that side, and especially the Senator from Utah, to quarrel with whatever we did. It would not have made any difference what we did; we could not have gotten the vote of the Senator from Utah . . . because our viewpoints are entirely different. In other words, you came in prepared to quarrel with us. You came in prepared to criticize and to cudgel us as far as you could.

I am reminded of a story I heard some time ago. A friend of mine says it is a true story. He said he was walking down the street in Louisville, Ky., and he noticed a man in front of him taking up the sidewalk; and as he took it up on both sides he noticed that the man was violently gesticulating. Just as he came up to the man my friend heard him utter these words: "I'm going home to lunch. If lunch ain't ready, I'm going to raise Cain; and if lunch is ready, I won't eat a dad-blamed bite of it."

So the Senator from Utah, like the man who was prepared to quarrel with his wife anyhow, because he knew his wife ought to quarrel with him, is prepared to quarrel with us anyhow, because he feels we ought to be quarreling with the present law, but he has studiously diverted attention from the present law in the entire discussion. We find him quarreling when we reduce a duty; we find him quarreling when we raise a duty. We find him criticizing us no matter what we do. I am inclined to believe that the Senator came to this Senatorial feast with his mind made up that if lunch was not ready he was going to raise Cain, and if lunch was ready he did not propose to eat a "blamed bite" of it.

Senator Williams, by the way, while he does not supply the detailed discussion of figures concerning the various complicated schedules, is, nevertheless, a remarkably powerful debater on the Democratic side. He is most at home when the talk touches the fundamental philosophy of government, and his contributions to the debate range from the ripest scholarship to apt and colloquial stories, charmingly told. Have the Chautauqua managers, in their search for talent, overlooked Senator Williams?

1,560 girls were playing ball



Coasting has undying popularity



"Cat" is ideal for asphalt streets



Sewing is one of three amusements that were confined to one sex

A Census of Games of the Street



A SATURDAY afternoon instantaneous census in New York City counted 127,729 children playing in the streets—a total larger than the 1910 population of Omaha, Neb., or of Richmond, Va. A corps of workers from the People's Institute made the count and prepared a careful report upon what the children that they were watching did.

The revelations of the census are far from disheartening. It discovered 27,604 boys and girls idling, and 23,991 watching their friends play, and the rest of the youngsters busy at fifty-two varieties of games, only four of which were classed as "bad for them." Edward M. Barrows, director of the census, gave this vigorous comment on the results:

"In the face of dangerous, unhealthful, immoral conditions, the children do their best to play clean, improving, healthful games. We find that while reformers have been working out elaborate methods of constructive and beneficial play for the city children—most of which plans, by the way, are based upon the one thing we won't give them, and that is space to play in—the children have gone ahead and adapted to the city streets all the old games of childhood which thousands of successful business men played themselves in their boyhood on the farm and in the small towns."

Only three of the amusements were confined to one sex. They were dancing and sewing for the girls, and football for the boys. Various forms of ball playing busied 13,065—of which 1,560 of the players were girls. Baseball was the most popular sport among the boys, and rope skipping among the girls. In the total, 910 children were fighting (six of these were girls) and 749 gambling. Of "little mothers" there were 3,931 and 780 "little fathers." The accompanying photographs give glimpses of scenes that the census takers called characteristic.

Photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer

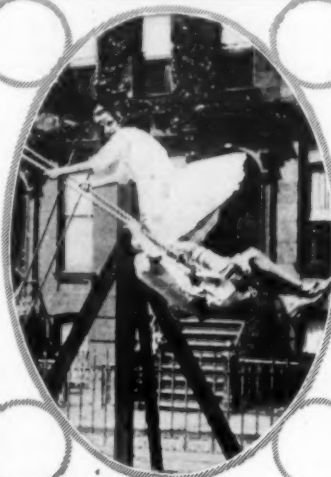


Ring-around-a-rosy is just as good for sidewalks as for lawns



"Movie shows" have helped stimulate an interest in scout warfare

Swinging in a public playground



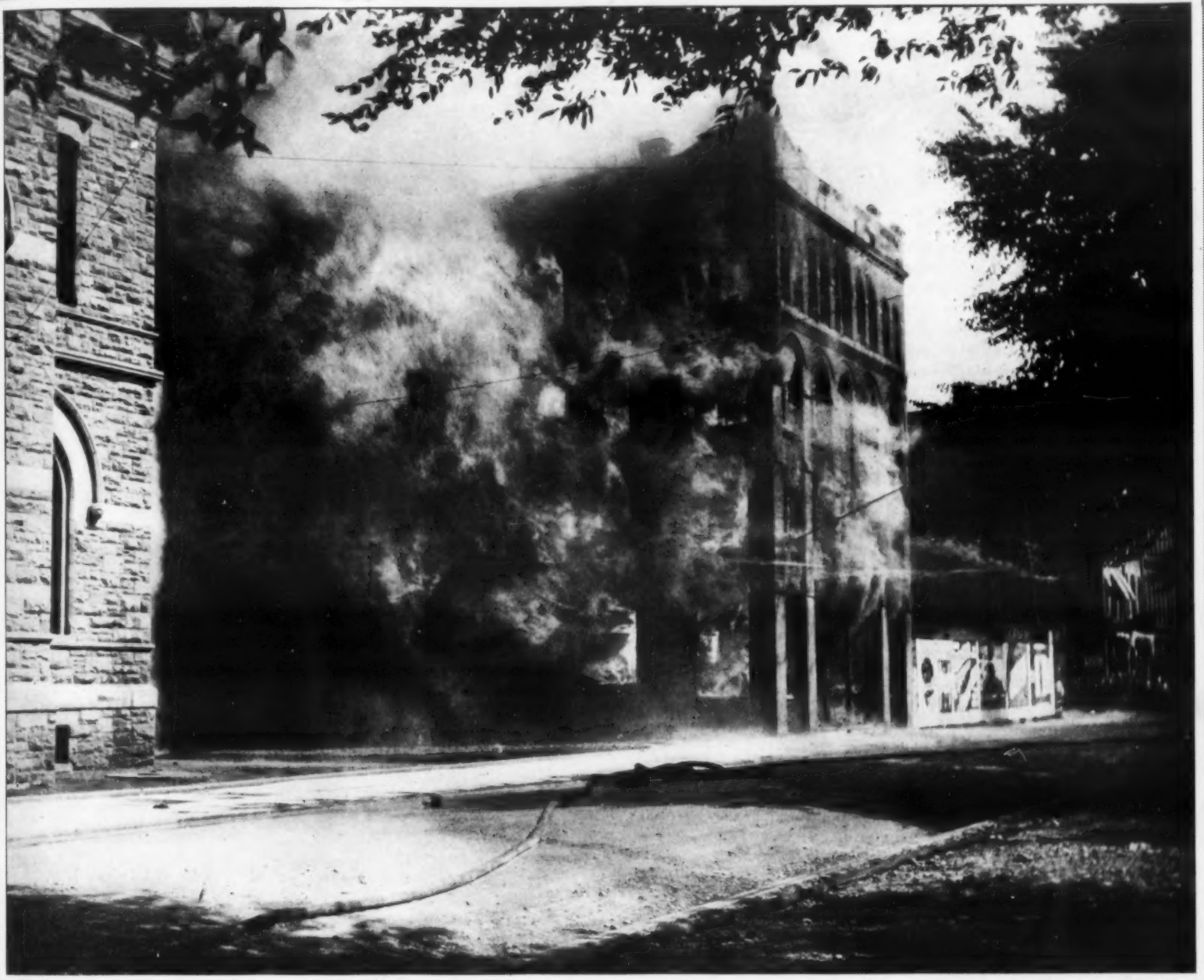
Off for a joy ride



A drain top serves as "home plate"



Old castors or parts of broken skates are used for "skatemoobiles"



Life and Death Play Give and Take in Binghamton

FOR sudden and deadly ferocity the factory fire that massacred nearly half of the 111 employees of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Clothing Company was even more horrible than the Triangle fire or the Newark disaster in 1910. The Triangle fire cost 146 lives, but more than four-fifths of the factory's employees were able to escape. At Binghamton the flames swept from the first floor to the fourth almost as swiftly as if they were following a trail of powder. The photograph at the head of this page gives eloquent testimony concerning what the odds of life or death were for the eighty girls trapped in the top story. It was taken barely ten minutes after the fire was discovered, but shows the whole building ablaze at once. The heat was so intense by the time the firemen arrived that they could not get near enough to spread life nets or put up ladders. Every window in the building was open and the flames were forced with a powerful draft through the sides and up the elevator shaft and open stairways. It was only eighteen minutes after the first clang of the gong that the roof and walls fell in. Our lower photograph shows the fall of the south wall, to which one of the fire escapes was attached—iron stairs that were useless because flames were bursting from all of the south windows before the prisoners on the top floor saw their peril. One of the causes assigned for the heavy mortality, in fact, was that the girls supposed the alarm was for a practice fire drill and were too deliberate about starting. The president of the company declared that at the last practice drill the building was emptied in twenty seconds, and that if his employees had hurried for the street at the first alarm all might have escaped.

Snapped as the south wall fell





Editorial Comment

Magna Charta in 1913

SOME ASPECTS of public affairs are fundamental and permanent; others superficial and temporary. That is why we turn to a recent criminal trial in New Jersey as more important than many episodes which have received more attention.

Let us in the beginning make clear the distinction between the case of the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, who led the strike in Paterson, and the case of Editor SCOTT. Of the former, and of the emotional sympathizers with them, we have our own opinion, but that has nothing to do with the suppression of free speech practiced by the Commonwealth of New Jersey. The circumstances were these:

A strike of silk-mill employees was on in Paterson, N. J. On the 25th of February, 1913, 500 strikers were marching two abreast along the street, when they were charged by a squad of Paterson police and roughly handled. Many of these strikers were women. The police made no discrimination as to sex.

ALEXANDER SCOTT was the editor of the "Weekly Issue," a Socialist paper published at Passaic, four miles from Paterson. His paper was distributed in Paterson. In the issue of his paper following the beating of the strikers there appeared this editorial. We reproduce it entire as it was set out in the indictment against SCOTT, and anyone who reads it all can place himself in the position of the New Jersey authorities:

BIMSON THE BOSS STRIKE BREAKER

The police of Paterson, headed by their brave Chief BIMSON, have taken charge of Paterson and are running things to suit themselves. The halls of striking mill workers are raided, their meetings broken up, and helpless men, women, and children are brutally clubbed, cuffed, and manhandled right on the streets.

The mill workers of Paterson struck against the four-loom system which is grinding out their health and lives. They peacefully walked out of the mills and quit work. For doing this terrible thing the police of Paterson, at the behest of the silk manufacturers, rushed at the defenseless workers like a bunch of drunken Cossacks and savagely attacked them. Outside of barbarous Mexico and Russia, there are few places that have witnessed such police brutality and lawlessness.

Paterson was once famous as the City of the Reds, the home of anarchists. These anarchists talked a whole lot and made some noise but they never harmed a hair on any one's head. Now Paterson has become infamous as the City of the Blues, the hotbed of brass-buttoned anarchists. These police anarchists, headed by the boss anarchist BIMSON, not only believe in lawlessness but they practice it. They don't waste words with workingmen—they simply crack their heads. With them might is right. They swing the mighty club in their right hand and if you don't like it you can get the hell out of Paterson. This is anarchism of the worst kind.

The police of Paterson are doing themselves proud as strike breakers. Chief BIMSON is priding himself on the fact that he has nipped the strike in the bud by spilling the blood of the mill workers. The Paterson police have become professional strike breakers. The workers of Paterson pay the salaries of the police and yet their hired servants turn upon them as strike breakers. Will the workers of Paterson stand for this?

Suppose the manufacturers locked out the workers and closed their factories until the workers were almost starved to death. Would the police of Paterson rush into the rooms of the Silk Manufacturers' Association, break up their meetings and crack the fat skulls of the manufacturers? Not so you could notice it. Why? Because money talks. And money owns the city of Paterson. Including the police.

The law under which this utterance was declared to be criminal was one passed during the excitement following the assassination of President McKINLEY—Chapter 133 of the Session Laws of 1902:

Any person who shall, in public or private, by speech, writing, printing, or by any other mode or means advocate the subversion and destruction by force of any and all government, or attempt by speech, writing, printing, or in any other way whatsoever to incite or abet, promote or encourage hostility or opposition to any and all government, shall be guilty of high misdemeanor and punished by a fine not exceeding \$2,000, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding fifteen years, or both.

While the edition of the "Weekly Issue" containing the editorial quoted above was being peddled and distributed on the streets of Paterson, some three or four thousand copies were forcibly seized by the police. Editor SCOTT was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced indeterminately for from one to fifteen years.

Now read once more the offending editorial, and in reading it keep in mind the distinction between offenses against taste and propriety, the violence of the words that an intemperate man may choose to express himself in, and the sort of thing, very different, for which a writer may properly go to jail. We know that criticism quite as strong as SCOTT's, but expressed in words more fastidiously chosen, has frequently appeared in COLLIER'S. We know that if this New Jersey

law had been on the statute books of New York during the past year, and had been enforced as it was against SCOTT, every New York editor who has commented on the police situation in that city would now be in jail. Under this law every Democratic and Progressive orator on the stump in New Jersey during the last national campaign might now be serving a term in the penitentiary.

We do not believe any court in America will sustain this law or the sentence of this editor. The passage of the law itself in the form in which it was passed is a shining example of legislative incompetence, and the trial of SCOTT a piece of judicial folly.

"When the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be," said WEBSTER in his 7th of March speech, "for with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government, on the basis of a free constitution—wherever it exists, there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both Houses of Congress."

"In like manner," ERSKINE said, "liberty itself, the last and best gift of God to His creatures, must be taken just as she is; you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scrupulous law, but she would then be liberty no longer."

The Lords

THAT PICTURESQUE ANACHRONISM, the British House of Lords, seems bound to commit self-murder. For the second time in six months it has rejected the Liberal Government's bill for Irish Home Rule after discussing the possible expedient of defeating the Commons' will by adjournment. The Tory gift is for concealing the head ostrich wise in the sand and then declaring nasally that what can't be seen there survives unimpaired—only this happens to be the twentieth century. That, precisely, is why the Lords must sooner or later be abolished as a legislative body, quite as Premier ASQUITH threatens. Great Britain is to-day a more radical country than ours, and though a bicameral system ought to be and probably will be conserved, there is every reason to expect the upsetting of the old notion of Peers bequeathing political functions to their sons and grandsons. If the Lords cannot transmit intelligence, how can they hope to transmit legislative power? The ownership of a shockingly large proportion of the land—too much of which is withdrawn from production that grouse may be shot when cool weather stirs the leisured Briton out of his summer sluggishness—is power enough for the Peers to wield; the sooner a reasonable substitute is found for the traditional way of providing an "upper house" in Britain, the better it will be for popular government. Here in America we have at last won the battle for the direct election of Senators. The reform of the British Senate is the next number on the program of world democracy.

Coming

A RESIDENT of Bellingham, Wash., Mr. W. H. KAUFMAN, writes to point out that all river and harbor improvements ought to be made at the expense of the abutting property, which benefits by them. Our present river and harbor improvements, he says, together with the suggested national system of public roads, if paid for by all the people while the benefits are largely absorbed by the few, will be the greatest graft in history. All this comes within the body of doctrine called, somewhat loosely, the single tax. This issue within ten years will be to the front. History has not often seen the incredibly rapid spread of economic understanding that is going on at the present moment.

Millions—Mosquitoes and Malaria

SIX MONTHS AGO we wrote of Greenwich, Conn., its wealth in money and mosquitoes, and its 900 cases of malaria last season, every one of them due to the bite of The Lady Anopheline. A striking contrast may be drawn between Greenwich and the South Carolina town of Hartsville. Monetary statistics are not at hand, but we imagine that Hartsville boasts few millionaires, perhaps none at all; possibly Hartsville would be as much staggered by the appearance of a millionaire "in its midst" as it would by that of the dodo or the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. But manifestly this Southern community has the grit and resourcefulness which make very fair substitutes for wealth. Its Health Board has from time to time distributed among all its citizens circulars telling what must be done to exterminate

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

mosquitoes and to render the community malaria free. Then its authorities have surveyed the entire city, and in a neighborly spirit (the good of all being the object sought) have supervised the breeding grounds—especially back yards. Last year Dr. W. EGGLESTON, the Health Commissioner, reported malaria, though prevalent a decade ago, to have become locally almost negligible. And Hartsville folk spend their summer evenings on screenless porches without the least provocation to scratch themselves. The contrast of Greenwich and Hartsville conditions has nation-wide interest, for there are many American communities now malaria rife which need not find mosquito extermination an insuperable task. Large sums of money are not needed; only determination, rational action, and the right civic spirit. The pecuniary expenditure should be but a small fraction of what it costs to pay doctors' bills and to make up for the losses due to this disease when it is once established—to say nothing of the business depression in a community which gets the reputation of being "malarial."

Intensive Farming

MR. B. F. HARRIS of Champaign, Ill., addressed the Virginia Bankers' Association some weeks ago on the subject, "The Soil and the Man." Nothing in his address was more striking than his repetition of a question put by ABRAHAM LINCOLN fifty years ago:

Unquestionably it will take more labor to produce fifty bushels of wheat from an acre than to produce ten bushels from the same acre—but will it take more labor to produce fifty bushels from one acre than from five?

Intensive farming is no new fad. It is only agricultural common sense—so long as its principles are intelligently applied. Mr. HARRIS does not exaggerate in saying that "the farmer on the farm, farming on a soil-conserving basis, is the most important citizen of the nation to-day."

Hare-Brained Counsel

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, the author, is quoted in the cable dispatches to the New York "Times" as advising members of the International Women's Franchise League to choose for their patron and example Lady GODIVA, who rode through Coventry streets clad only in her long hair and her undoubted virtue. The writer recommends that women who seek the ballot ought to "again and again" (we quote the cable dispatch) "do violence to their conventional sense of modesty in order to shame men into just ways." In war against evil, Mr. HOUSMAN goes on: "It is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip." American women at least may be counted upon to treat such hare-brained counsel with the contemptuous pity hysteria deserves.

Puts and Spats

THE CITIZENS of Puts Hill, Conn., have voted to change the name of their town to Putnam—acting upon a suggestion made at a town meeting by Mr. EDWIN H. BAKER of New York. We don't know Mr. BAKER, but it seems to us that the man who would go out of his way to change the old-time, full-flavored Yankee name of Puts Hill to colorless "Putnam" probably wears lavender spats.

To-morrow's Valor

WE ARE NEITHER DREAMERS nor utopians. The roar of the ultra-modern city is all about; the rumble of the presses fills our ears. Yet, ever and again, amid the current talk of wars, of armament and disarmament, comes up a vision dear to the late WILLIAM JAMES, whose ideas, by the way, are far more familiar in France and in England than in his own country. When JAMES set forth his vision

of "armies of peace," the natural query was: But what about armies for police purposes? JAMES did not, nor do we, deny such a need at present. But surely the philosopher was right in regarding as preposterous the idea that what is called courage or martial valor can be fostered only by a careful training in killing and destruction. Who is in love with war? So long as the Balkan peoples were fighting the Turk for a principle, for Christianity, as they said, the world was moderately interested. Now that the allies are cutting each other to pieces in a spirit of greedy quarreling, most of us turn from the accounts with horrified disgust. JAMES foresaw a time when our young men—indeed, all our able-bodied men—would render national service in the work of construction instead of destruction, in building up the land instead of burning and devastating. Then, too, without the aid of

guns or shrapnel, would be taught the power of endurance, the salient blessing of self-sacrifice. Why not? We denied being utopians, but we all of us are just that, in a measure. For Utopia, as has been brilliantly said, is the one country at which humanity is always landing.

No Respect for Precedent

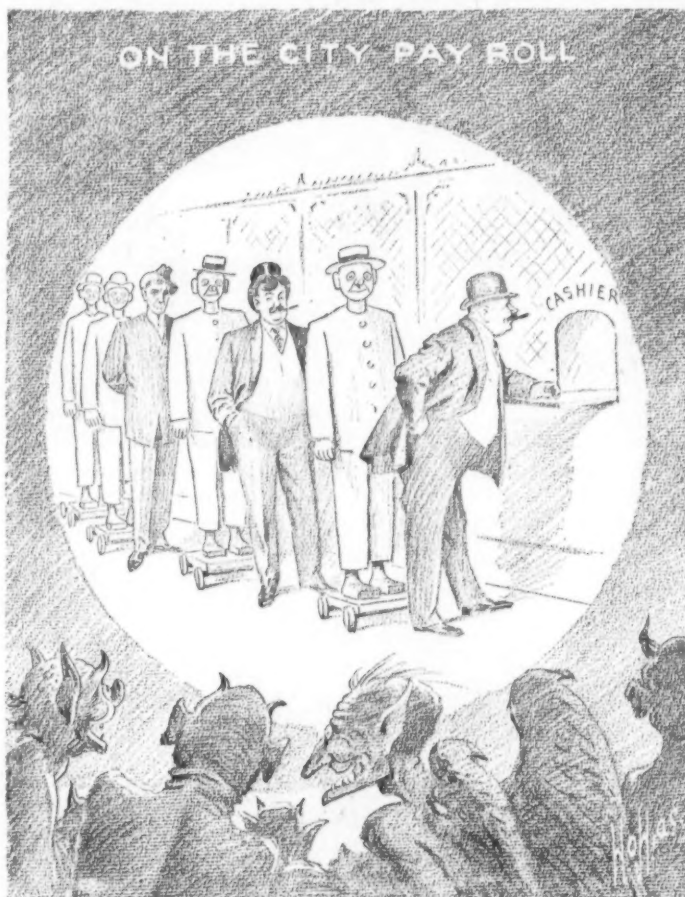
OUR AMBASSADOR to the Court of St. James, Mr. WALTER H. PAGE, has told the Anglo-Saxon Club of London that of all the American Presidents, from WASHINGTON to WILSON, there has not been one—with the single exception of THEODORE ROOSEVELT—whose main strain of blood did not come from the British Isles. Even in the cradle Colonel ROOSEVELT had no due regard for precedent.

The Romance of Words

TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED years ago a wide-wandering traveler, HANNO, the Carthaginian voyager, encountered a tribe of hairy, masterful men, and he called them *gorillas*. Then for over twenty-three centuries the word lay asleep. It woke again and served its turn in the middle of last century, when man's need came to paint the picture in one stroke of the new strange animal found in Africa. That word rendered the menace and brute power of the giant ape. And now in our own generation the word has regained its ancient use, and we call our tribe of savages in the jungle of the underworld gorillas. Gorillas are gunmen, strong-arm men, thugs, the sellers of assassination. Once again mankind is appropriating this word of power for his own fellowship. Think of that far-blown navigator who named with such richness of meaning that the world could not outgrow his exactitude, though nations fell and tongues altered, while his noun lay slumbering. The life history of this and many hundred other words which have outlasted time is given in a charming volume called "The Romance of Words," by an English scholar, ERNEST WEEKLEY. Here are their origins and journeyings and the accidents that have befallen them, untimely changing their destiny till they vanish as thin ghosts, or, enriching themselves, till they glow with new fires. His book is rollicking reading as well as sound scholarship.

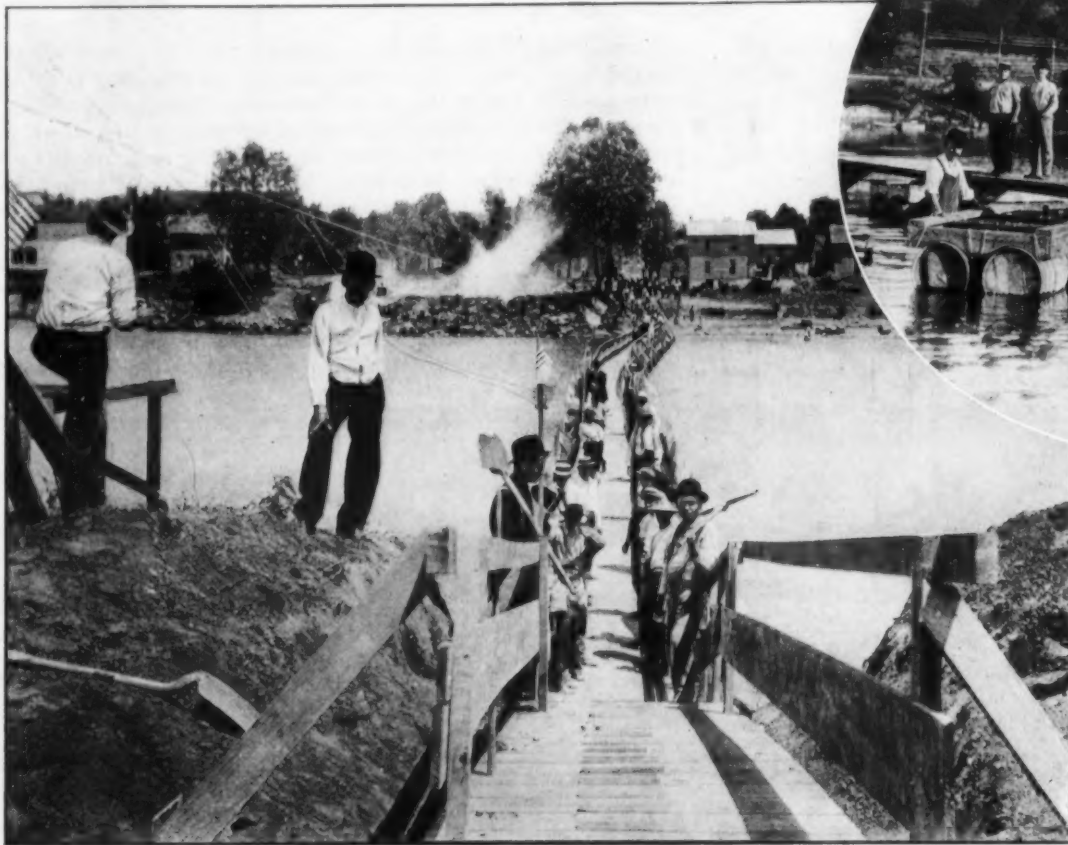
The Day's Work

THIS IS THE TASK APPOINTED: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into a larger vision, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime—and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin, and defeat malice and envy; to believe in the gradual but all-conquering power of good will; to be saddened but not embittered; to be beaten but not conquered. That is the stern business set before us.



The Movies in Hades. No. 3

*Building a New Bridge Before Breakfast:
551 Feet at a Cost of \$500*



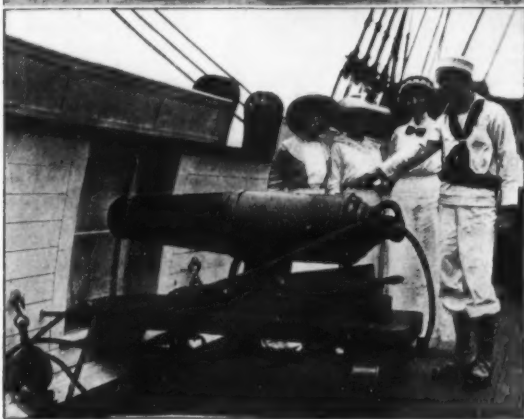
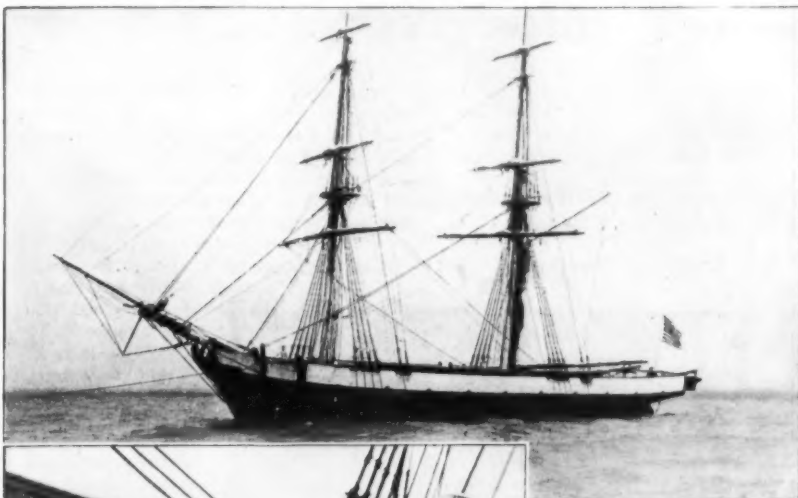
The picture above shows the first of the barrel pontoons being swung into position. The lower view is of the completed structure. Wind and currents may bend it without threatening its safety

FOUR months of inconvenience, caused by March floods which swept away two fine bridges, stimulated Miamisburg, Ohio, to such a burst of energy that a corps of citizens turned out at 5.30 o'clock on a July Sunday morning and built a new bridge before breakfast time. A structure 551 feet long, using 192 barrels as pontoons, pushed its way across the Miami River in 2 hours 20 minutes. Then for half a day the volunteer construction crew nailed railings and sideboards and put up electric lights and flags for finishing touches. The total cost of the bridge was \$500. The picture in the circle above shows how the barrel pontoons were constructed and placed.



Moving a 200-ton residence down the street while street cars and traffic pass under the building. The house shut off the sunlight from the new mansion that Adolph Spreckels, the multimillionaire sugar magnate, is building in San Francisco. The house that was in the way was promptly sold at greatly reduced rates to a buyer who is moving it a block down Washington Street. The journey will require six weeks and cost \$3,500

From Lakeside and Sea—A Sheaf of New and Unusual Snapshots



After 100 years upon the floor of Lake Erie, Commodore Perry's flagship is cruising again in sunshine and storm. The upper illustration is the Niagara's latest photograph. The cannon is a piece of the vessel's original armament



One of the largest of sea elephants, 18 feet long, posed in angry mood for this snapshot portrait by Robert Cushman Murphy. The photograph is one of the trophies of an exploring trip to the South Georgia Islands under the direction of the American Museum of Natural History

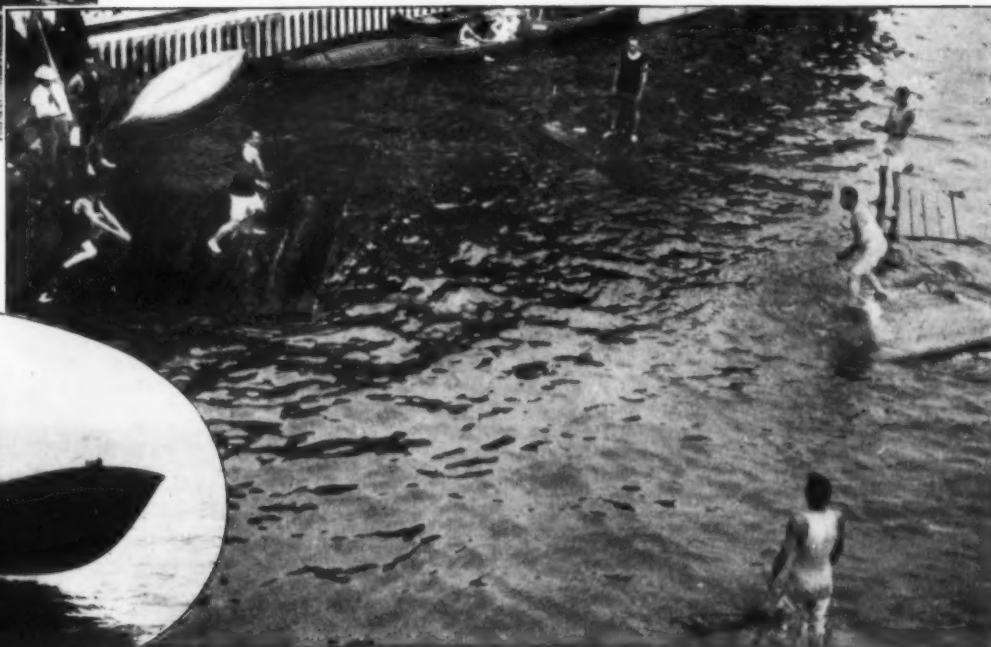


A distressfully long list of drownings and narrow escapes (which the New York Sun blames upon "hydromania") is being recorded against the 1913 summer aquatic season. Our photograph shows one of the narrow escapes—the rescue of six men and a boy from a capsized smack in Gravesend Bay, N. Y.



An Automobile Water Sled—

A motor boat with seats and steering gear like a motor car and a sledlike bottom which gathers flying spray and rides upon it, is an idea from Boston. The boat's speed is 30 miles an hour



WATER BASEBALL is rapidly becoming our national aquatic sport. The accompanying photograph, from Minneapolis, is a graphic description of the way the game is played

The Stationary Baby

By Edith Livingston Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS

VILLAGE folks seen by an author who gets both the fun they make on purpose and the fun they make without knowing it—that is how this fight for a misappropriated baby has in it the kind of laughter that verges upon tears.

WHEN Mrs. Whalan broke her leg and had to go to the hospital the Whalan children were put in circulation, and visited here and there in the village. The Jones family had had their share of them, but now the Joneses were alone again, for Mrs. Whalan was coming home, and the Whalan children were waiting by the broken-down gate of their home to see the unwonted sight of their mother "brought home in a rig."

JIM WHALAN himself, prompted by public opinion, had gone to the hospital at Baldwinsville to escort his wife to her domicile, and village politeness, strained to the uttermost, allowed only such view of the arrival as could be had from behind windowpanes.

"Leave them be," Mrs. Jones had warned her children. "It's a family agatherin', an' folks don't like to be bothered when they jest get home. Liz Whalan will be thankful we rid up the house fer her in such fine shape, an' ef them children don't show their mother they're glad to see her back by behavin' decent fer a spell I'll be disappointed. This much I know, poor Liz ain't never had all nine of 'em clean an' clothed entire to once afore."

Mary Eliza, Mrs. Jones's oldest child, wandered about the house listlessly.

"I do wish Pansy Viola wasn't so little an' dumb," she lamented. "I miss Pearl May Whalan awful. I promised her I'd go over to-night an' help her cook supper. She's goin' to surprise her ma an' keep the Whalan house spick, an' you know what that means. She says she couldn't stand havin' things in sech a clutter after livin' here, an' she can make biscuits now she knows you can make 'em with water instid o' milk, an' can make cake with half an egg, savin' the white fer frostin'; an' the only reason her ma's been so slack housekeepin' is havin' so many children to mind an' kind o' discouraged like an'—"

Douglas Everett opened the door cautiously and peered around. "Ma," he whispered tragically, "there's an awful row down to Mis' Whalan's. All the children was there to meet their folks cept'n the baby that's to Grandma Mullins's, an' Mis' Mullins won't give her up. She says she raised her fer two whole months an' she was so delicate-like jest at first she'd 'a' died ef she'd been to home; an' now she ain't goin' to let her go back to be dropped on the floor by one of 'em Whalan kids. Jim Whalan's so mad he's threatenin' the perlice, an' Mis' Mullins's daughter is a-beggin' him to go slow an' wait a spell, fer their ma's got heart disease, you know, an' the sight o' Murphy the cop would send her off sure."

MRS. JONES looked at Mary Eliza helplessly, but Mary Eliza's eyes were fastened upon her brother's face, and her lips refused utterance.

Timothy Roland, the older brother, seated upon the kitchen table, whistled shrilly.

"I can't think of nothin' to do," Mrs. Jones said, shaking her head. "It's all happened because we let her break the rule first off an' keep the baby stationary without passin' it on to the neighbors none jest because she's an old lady, though passin' on was the

rule. But well on in years so, folks is queer, an' I ought to hev known she'd get so crazy about that baby it'd pretty near break her heart to part with it; but, dear me, there's the law. Kidnapin's a crime. The child's Liz Whalan's, that's sure."

"U-um, but ma," said Mary Eliza, finding speech at last, "is it kidnapin' ef you go on a visit like that an' jest stay on?"

"Sure, ef you're held by force," Timothy Roland

her shrill voice from the corner of the kitchen. "They might fit a doll, or kittens look awful dear in doll's clothes, an' I could dress up pussy perhaps ef the baby clothes was dreadful little."

"Hear the child," said Mrs. Jones, laughing. "You can't hev them clothes for no cat; but, come to think, Grandma Mullins might like a kitten to play with. You see, what she needs is somethin' to mind, an' its sort o' sudden after all, Liz comin' home sooner than she thought. I pity the old lady; perhaps a kitten would do the business."

"Or a parrot," suggested Timothy Roland. "It can talk, an' that baby can't yet."

"Or a puppy," broke in Douglas Everett out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth speaking.

"Canary birds is more cheerful," said Mary Eliza with conviction.

Mrs. Jones rose to her feet.

"I'll go see some o' the neighbors," she said anxiously. "I wish Grandma Mullins wasn't so sot in her ways, or else that her heart was strong. I think Pansy Viola's smarter than any of us be, an' you was jest callin' her dumb, Mary Eliza. Ef Liz Whalan gits her baby it'll be because Grandma Mullins has got somethin' else to boss, an' some animals is a good idea."

IN HALF an hour she returned, her face very red and her eyes gleaming.

"I saw Liz Whalan (she's awful pale an' limps some), an' I saw Grandma Mullins; but, dear me, no one dares say nothin' to her 'cept talk about the weather; but I had it out with her daughter.

"We're goin' to hev a social evenin' to Mis' Mullins's to-night, an' I guess we'll hev to ask the minister to take off the baby, an' the doctor'll be there in case the old lady has a spell. We're goin' to take her some animals. I met Jerry Archibald Whalan jest now, an' told him to git that puppy I wouldn't let Douglas Everett have. Miss Adams has got a canary bird she'll give, an' Mis' Mullins's daughter says they've got a cage, but the gilt's wore off some, an' Mis' Curtis's got a cute kitten. She was glad to git rid of it, too, fer she'd been tryin' to find a home fer it. One of the boys has got some white mice, an' there's a gray squirrel. A parrot's nice, but they cost too much. Oh, yes, there's a rabbit an' two o' the cutest chickens in a cage you ever see, an' Mis' Thompson says we can take her black Angora cat to help make a good showin'. It'll come home anyhow."

"I wanter go to the party," announced Pansy Viola. "What time is the party, ma?"

"There ain't no children goin'," exclaimed Mrs. Jones with vigor, "an' jest you hear that sure. What we want Mis' Mullins to fergit is children. Only grown-ups comes to Grandma Mullins's zoo."

MARY ELIZA and Timothy Roland sat up for their mother's return. It was half-past ten and against the rules, but they felt they must know the fate of the stationary baby before they could sleep.

Finally came the sound for which they had been listening—a chorus of "good-bys"—at the gate, and their mother's cheery voice, and Mary Eliza flung wide the door.

"Mercy, children, you up?" gasped Mrs. Jones. "Well, it's jest as well, 'cause there was condensed-milk ice cream, an' there was so much we all brought home some to the children, an' I would hev had to wake you up. As nothin' short o' dawn'll wake the others, you ken have it all. It was a real elegant affair an' went off good, an' as it was a zoo party they had animal crackers with the cream instead o' layer cake. That was Mis' Newcomb's idea. I thought it was real cute."



"'The dog'll bite the baby,' she screamed. 'I can't hev him nohow; the canary bird'll wake her up; oh, whatever shall I do?'"

announced with vigor. Mary Eliza looked at him scornfully.

"An' don't folks hev to use force to hold a two-months-old baby?" she demanded. "I can't see how it's kidnapin', but I'd like to see anyone cross Grandma Mullins; she's terrible determined."

MRS. JONES tucked some loose locks back from her face, and her fighting spirit gleamed in her eyes.

"It's Liz Whalan's baby, so there, an' Grandma Mullins can't keep it."

"Ef you could only do like Solomon in the Bible, ma," Mary Eliza suggested. "I don't suppose there's a real sword in town, but you could take the carvin' knife."

Douglas Everett giggled, and Timothy Roland saw his chance at revengeful retort.

"Jest you get ma suggestin' to Mis' Mullins that she kill Victoria Mullins Whalan with a carvin' knife, an' see how quick she'd drop dead. A cop wouldn't be in it with playin' Solomon."

"Did you know, ma," said Mary Eliza, "she had the baby christened jest as Timothy Roland says, 'cause she thought it might die. Mis' Thompson, next door to Mis' Whalan, says the Whalans won't like that either. Mis' Whalan was goin' to name it Minnie J., an' now nothin' on earth can stop it bein' Victoria, with the Mullins thrown in. Grandma Mullins is jest daft about that baby," Mary Eliza went on, waxing eloquent. "She's an awful smart old lady, an' she's made it the cutest clothes, lace trimmed, an' the dresses with pink an' blue ribbons run through 'em, an' the teeniest, weeniest shoes, soft pink leather an' tiny shiny buckles. I don't suppose she'd ever give them clothes to Liz Whalan even ef she does give back the baby. I wonder what she will do with 'em?"

"I want them clothes," Pansy Viola vouchsafed in

She busied herself getting plates and spoons for the children, and then sat down happily while they ate their little feast.

"Grandma Mullins was suspicious jest at first," she said. "She sort o' guessed we was goin' to take away the baby, an' the whole plan was jest agin' givin' her that depression. The minister an' doctor didn't come, but quite a number o' the neighbors was in, an' Grandma Mullins was a pleased old lady.

"A party fer me," she said over an' over, 'but why do you bring me presents?'

"I thought you'd like this cute kitten," Mis' Curtis

said, quicklike, fer there was a kind o' silence. 'It can play awful comical with a ball on a string,' she says; an' she threw down a paper ball, an' the kitten gave a spring an' pounced on it jest as smart, an' Grandma Mullins laughed hard.

"I brought this little pup," I says, with my heart in my mouth, fer we was all kind o' nervous. 'He barks real sharp,' I says, 'an' there's no tellin' when burglars might come around.'

"That's jest what I've been thinkin'," Grandma Mullins says, tartlike, an' perked her head on one side, an' we all knew she was thinkin' o' the baby.

"Then the others give her the rabbit an' squirrel an' the bird an' mice, an' Mis' Thompson said her cat was jest a-visitin'. I guess she got scairt it might stay after all. I don't think Mis' Mullins liked 'em much, only she's a terrible polite old lady, an' that's why her daughter felt so sure she wouldn't hurt our feelin's even ef she thought our presents sort o' out o' the way.

"Then they started the talkin' machine an' we had refreshments, an' right in the middle the baby woke up. It roared an' yelled jest as ef it had the colic, an' Grandma Mullins started all nerved up.

(Concluded on page 31)



The Hoodoo-Mascot

By L. Frank Tooker

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

IN KERRIGAN and the brogue of him, and the sparkling blue-eyed colleen he meets, and the terrier that follows their adventures, Mr. Tooker has brought us a bit of the old country, with all its wit and geniality—though the touch of folly and the pang of heartache are not peculiar to the County Clare.

ALL DAY the heat waves had risen against the white sky from the sedgy reaches beyond the sluggish, brown river, and when, with the falling of the afternoon wind, the sand flies swarmed along the water front, it became unbearable to the crew, painting the woodwork about the deck. Smothered irritation was in the air, and a casually sarcastic remark of the mate about the condition of the paintbrushes that Kerrigan was putting away for the night had caused it at last to burst into flame. It was then flame against flame, and at the sound of the uproar the crew streamed out of the fore-castle or paused in their cleaning up to grin in appreciative enjoyment of the wordy battle. But just as it seemed impossible for the affair to end without the shedding of blood, the mate had turned to go aft, while Kerrigan went stormily over the rail, flinging back the vow never again to lift hand at the command of the unmentionable creature disguised as a mate. He paused on the stringpiece of the wharf to shake his fist at the back of that gentleman, who had not deigned to pause in his stately progress toward the cabin.

"Run away from me worrds, if ye will," roared Kerrigan; "ut's no more nor anny wan w'u'd explict who'd seen the face av ye, ye broken-nosed, swivel-eyed, wather-hearted image av Satan. Come over the side to the dock, which ut is out av yer Jurisdiction, where all min are free an' aquil, an' I'll prove me contintion as to the looks av ye wid the two fists av me. Will ye come?" He paused, but the mate went on in dignified silence, disappearing down the companionway. In sheer rage of baffled desire for battle, Kerrigan thereupon stooped, picked up a piece of scantling, and hurled it against the afterhouse.

"Hoo-roo!" he shouted. "Take that, ye long-sided, crab-walkun', burrowun' mole! Ye're well to be down in yer hole, for ye spoil the landscape most shameful." He slowly turned and sauntered cityward between the great piles of yellow pine.

As the narrow lane opened upon the meadows, and he saw, a quarter of a mile away, the roofs of the town beyond their encircling fringe of live oaks, he paused suddenly, realizing for the first time that he was still in his working clothes and wholly penniless.

"A word an' a tho't, but the word firrst, as Iver," he muttered as he fumbled in his empty pockets. "But w'u'd I give him the satisfaction to see me follow me nose back over the side again before the worrds were aff av me lips? I w'u'd not."

His roving eyes fell upon an Irish terrier sitting forlorn in lonely gloom in the shade of the lumber, gazing out across the green waste. Kerrigan's sympathy was stirred.

"For the love av Hiven, land, don't look so downhearted!" he exclaimed.

The dog turned his melancholy eyes toward Kerrigan, but with no recognition of the kindly feeling.

"We're a downtrod race," went on Kerrigan,

"though there's shmall comfort in lettun' the worrld know ut. Come on, laad; we'll face ut bouldlike together." He whistled and moved toward the town, but the dog stirred not in his desolation.

"Aye, ye're thrue Irish, not heedun' yer best fri'nds," declared Kerrigan. "Well, ut's like we'd fall out in the firrst mille an' be better apart. Ye know best."

He moved slowly up the road, and, coming to a little stream, saw three or four negroes playing cards together under the shelter of the sedgy bank. They looked up and gave him a courteous good evening; he waved his hand stiffly in recognition of the greeting.

"Naygurs are the polite wans," he muttered; "they are so." Then out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of a tall shadow following his own across the meadow, and turned quickly. It was the dog.

"Ye've tho't better av ut, have ye, like all the Irish?" he demanded. "Belikes 'twill lade ye to throuble, for I'm hot all through, though 'tis little ye'll care, I'm thinkun'."

THEY went on aimlessly through the straggling, unkempt Southern lumber port, when in a quiet road, shaded by live oaks that stood here and there in the street itself, the terrier's interest in life awoke at the sight of a cat leisurely strolling before him. With a sharp yap of defiance he sprang to the pursuit, disappearing under a low, unpainted building, with wide spaces between its narrow, upright planking. An instant later he reappeared, and began to bark at the building itself, running excitedly back and forth and thrusting his nose into the interstices.

"Faith, but 'tis the queer kind av a cornerib!" muttered Kerrigan, peering through the cracks. Then suddenly his eyes narrowed in the intensity of his

gaze as he made out two negroes sitting on the floor of the dark interior.

"An' what is ut ye do be down' in the cornerib?" he demanded.

"Taint no cohncrib, Boss," explained one; "it's de lockup."

"Lockup!" sniffed Kerrigan with scorn, and shook one of the uprights till it cracked.

"Look out dah, Boss!" exclaimed the negro in alarm. "You gwine break 'er down fuhst you know!"

FOR answer, Kerrigan gave a mighty pull, and the sun-dried plank broke in two. He cast the lower piece to earth and stepped back.

"Come out!" he commanded.

But the negroes held back.

"Say, Boss, you's gwine git us in trouble if you keeps on that a-way," complained the one who had already spoken.

"There's grathitude for yez!" mourned Kerrigan. "Ut's gettun' yez in throuble I am by lettun' yez out av ut! An' what are ye incarceratud for thot yez are so fond av ut?"

"Tain't nuttin' like dat, nohow," indignantly declared the spokesman. "We's jus' locked up foh bein' disorderly."

"Disorderly," mused Kerrigan. "I remimber the worrld, an' have shmall respect for ut. Ye'll stay where ye are, ye black lumps!"

"Say, Boss, de sheriff's gwine hab you, too!" chuckled the grinning negro.

It instantly occurred to Kerrigan that the remark was less statement than exultation, and he glanced quickly over his shoulder. Fifty yards away a tall, elderly man of official appearance was padding heavily across the square toward him. Hasty as was the glance, Kerrigan saw that he carried a gun.

Now, a sailor is schooled to rapidity of decision, and the momentary disappearance of the sheriff behind a live oak was synchronous with the disappearance of Kerrigan around the corner of the lockup. Then he ran, while the voice of the sheriff from behind the sheltering walls shattered the brooding silence of the neighborhood with the generic cry of offended justice: "Stop, thief!"

"Thafe yerself," muttered Kerrigan, angrily. "W'u'd ye tak' a mon's good name from him wid yer alsy worrld, ye robber?"

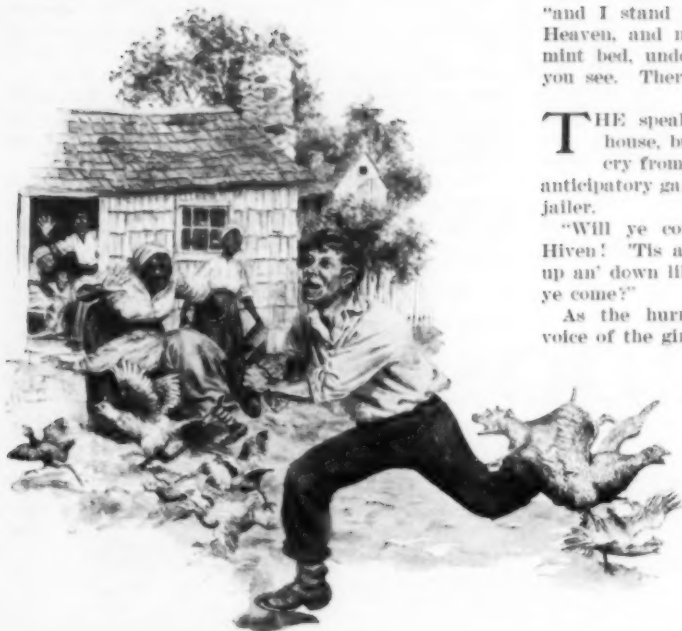
FAR down the street he saw a man turn and run back; here and there a face appeared at a window as he fled. A narrow lane caught his eye, and he dashed into it, only to find it already occupied by a stout man, who, hearing the sheriff's cry, conscientiously allied himself to the side of civic virtue by holding the middle of the lane and teetering up and down on his toes, with his arms widespread, as certain sanguine idealists comport themselves in the path of runaway horses. It is true that he, too, stepped politely aside as Kerrigan drew near. But that did not save him, for that gentleman, swerving, bowled him over, "for the looks of the thing," as he genially declared to himself.

He was himself metaphorically bowled over in turn by the lane, which proved to be a cul-de-sac; so he crashed over a low fence, and then another, to the shrieking horror of a yardful of chickens and half a dozen negro women, followed meanwhile by the terrier, which had apparently resolved at last never to desert him, and was willing for all the world to know it, for he yapped unceasingly.

Crossing another fence, Kerrigan entered another



"Ut's gettun' yez in throuble I am by lettun' yez out av ut! An' what are ye incarceratud for thot yez are so fond av ut?"



He crashed over a low fence, and then another, to the shrieking horror of a yardful of chickens and half a dozen negro women

lane, and sped on between its high brick walls. Then a stout door ajar in one invited him, and, pushing through, he closed the door—almost, for the terrier, now at his heels, was caught by the hind leg, and gave an excellent imitation of a squeaking cart wheel going at high speed. Releasing him and closing the door tight, Kerrigan darted forward through a jumble of outbuildings and arbors, and at a sharp turn nearly ran over a girl in a pink sunbonnet stooping over a pail of water.

He caught her arm, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Heh, you black—"

THE girl sprang erect like a young sapling released, and turned on him. She was Irish and fair, and at the moment indignant.

"May the devil run away wid me sowl, Mary ashore, if I tho't to find a bit av hiven whin I rin in the owld back yard like a squawkun' wild goose!" he cried humbly. "'Tis the bit av a chase for wan; so find me a hole till it's over. Quick, lass, for the love av the owld sod!"

"Here!" she cried quickly, and pulled open a door, pushing him toward it.

Now, Kerrigan was no man to go out of a pretty girl's presence with his back to her; he was also unacquainted with the Southern spring house. He heard the girl's giggling shriek as he splashed to the bottom of the shallow well, and then a thud of heavy feet, the opening of the garden door, and a panting voice drawing:

"Heh, gyrl, did you see a man come in at the do'?"

"Sure," Kerrigan heard her say cheerfully. "I was comin' by the spring house, here, an', whish! It was in at the gate wid him an' over the lawn in a couple or three le'ps shtraight to the road yon. An' his face was like a slashed ham." She added as an illuminating afterthought: "Aye, he was the fright."

"Which way did he turn?" asked the voice.

"Sure, sir, I tho't that meself," replied the girl, "an' I looked; but 'twas over before it began. An' a yella dog was afther him, an' God knows they were travellin'."

Kerrigan heard the heavy steps going on again, and a lighter step on the gravel walk gradually grow fainter. He looked about him. He was up to his waist in the water, and above him stretched five feet of mossy stone, the walls of the well. He might as easily have scaled heaven on a sunbeam, so slippery were they.

"Aye, the minx was as good as me worrd," he muttered, "for she found me a hole. Now 'tis found, I'm riddy to l'ave ut." Half-heartedly he made an attempt to climb out. "'Tis the fine lockup," he muttered as he settled back hopelessly in his cool retreat. "I'll be afther tellin' the sheriff if he comes me way."

HE HEARD again a voice drawing near.

"There is nothing like real spring water for a julep," the slow, masculine voice was saying. "cold and soft, with just a tang of mineral in it. And this spring of mine—do you know, I've a fancy that it's colder in one spot than elsewhere. You can see the bubbles rising in it. That's why I always like to draw it myself when, at a time like this, I desire an especially fine julep, Majeh."

"Is there any time, Docteh, when one's propah respect for a mint julep would excuse one in making it othah than especially fine?" queried another voice. It also was masculine.

"You are right, Majeh," agreed the first speaker,

"and I stand corrected. A mint julep is a gift of Heaven, and not to be treated lightly. There's the mint bed, under the arbeh there. Plenty of shade, you see. There's nothing—"

THE speakers were at the door of the spring house, but they were not to open it, for a wild cry from somewhere beyond broke in upon their anticipatory garrulity—the cry and voice of Kerrigan's jaller.

"Will ye come, Docthor, quick, for the love of Hiven! 'Tis a mad dog loose in the house, a-racin' up an' down like the devil had bolt of his tail! Will ye come?"

As the hurrying steps sped away, the agitated voice of the girl rose in quick explanation:

"He came in the door wid niver a look at me, his eyes were thot starin' an' set, an' wint leppin' in at the dinin'-room door an' beyont. Sure, ye can hear him now, if ye listen, in the big room above, goin' round like a top."

An instant later she flung open the spring-house door, dropping a stout plank to her prisoner.

"Out wid ye quick!" she whispered. "An' l'ave the board behind the house as ye go."

"Aye, lass," said Kerrigan, "I see ye've hid min before. I say ut wid sorra, beun' wholehearted meself till the minut' I saw ye."

"Will ye climb out," she cried, "or be murdered in cowlid blood for r'lin' the water?"

"'Tis half murdered I am now wid cowlid wather," replied Kerrigan, scrambling up his inclined plane. "'Tis the shmall matter—the way—whin ye're wance dead." But the girl had fled.

Unfortunately, the dog had arrived on the lawn by way of the front door when Kerrigan slipped from the spring house. Having learned in an unfeeling world to recognize true friendship, he rushed joyously after his companion of the hour.

Kerrigan doubled on his track, and sped through an arbor to the back of the house. Then being momentarily cut off from the terrier's sight, he dashed down a dark cellarway; but his relief was of the shortest, for with a padded rush of feet the dog came bounding down the stone steps to his side. With wagging tail, lolling tongue, and mouth wide, he stood looking up into Kerrigan's face. There was interest in the look and a divine friendliness, but hardly contrition or fear.

Kerrigan shook his head.

"I towld ye ye'd not mind throuble, ye scut!" he muttered; "but what will ye do now, for they're afther ye yet?"

INDEED, footsteps sounded on the walk outside, the cellar door banged, and Kerrigan heard the voice of the girl triumphantly crying:

"He's co't, sir! I have him."

"Well, there's no need to sit on the do', Margaret," the voice of the doctor was heard saying. "He could not lift it. I'll rout him out."

"Wu'd ye fright the poor, dumb baste, sir?" demanded Margaret. "Sure, 'tis only the puppy, an' not mad at all. I saw him plain, waggin' his tail. 'Tis no sign thot he's mad. I'll let him cool off, then drive him out of the yard wid a little, small shtick."

"Very well, Margaret; but don't let him in the house again." The tone changed. "Now, Majeh," it went on, "we need that julep mo' than evah."

"Ye're tired, sir," came back the voice of the girl; "I'll draw the wather for ye. I know the spot. I've watched the bubbles munny's the time."

"Well, then, Margaret, if you will," replied the doctor; "it's breath-taking exercise chasing a puppy."

"Land," said Kerrigan as the footsteps died away, "only God himself cud make a lass like thot; but sure, Satan had a hand in raisin' her; she knows too much for a Christian."

THE cellar grew dark, and then slowly a pale radiance of vitreous light stole in through the low window, and Kerrigan saw the full moon riding above the tops of the trees. Once he stole softly up the steps and pushed at the door, but the hasp was caught. He backed slowly down to the cellar again.

"Sure, she's not done wid us yet," he muttered. "But what nixt I dunno."

He heard a clock striking ten as he caught the grate of the hasp of the door and heard the girl calling softly down the stairs. He went up, the dog at his heels.

"Ye've not had yer supper," said she.

"Lass, ye're no liar," he replied.

"'Tis waitin' for ye," she whispered, and led him up; but at the kitchen door he held back.

"Arrah! an' will the fam'ly be afther servin' me?" he asked sarcastically. "I'd not like to throuble them, beun' modest beyont nature. A nibble yon in the arbor, now—"

"They're asleep," she said. "Sure, a crack of

thunder itsilf wu'd not wake thim. Ye're as wet as the heel of a duck. 'Twould be the black shame to sind ye away in the state."

"I am, barrun' me throat," he replied, "an' thot's as dhry as the inside av a nut."

"Ye'll be afther takin' a couple or three glasses of something warrm to keep out the cowlid, poor fella!" she told him as she bustled about. "But why did ye walk in the spring? Was it the thirst?" she giggled.

"Wu'd I turn me back on a pretty face?" he demanded. "'Tis not me custhom."

"Aye, not till ye saw the nixt wan," she retorted. "'Tis from wan till the nixt wid ye, I'm thinkin', an' turnin' yer back to the last thot fast ye're like wan dancin' the reel. Ye're the inconstant mon. Aye, 'tis the rovin' eye ye have."

"'Tis from seeun' nought worth a second look till the minut' I saw ye," Kerrigan declared. "An' now 'tis like lookun' at the sun overlong; I can see nought else."

"'Twu'd be the black shame so to blind the eyes of wan the sheriff was afther," she replied, with a giggle. "Sure, he's the persistent mon; he'll hunt ye till the crack of doom. An' what have ye done to shtir him? Sure, I'm afraid of ye this minut'." 'Twas naught but the County Clare twist in the tongue of ye thot gave me the pity. Glory be to God! I'd do the like by owld Satan himsilf, an' he County Clare!"

"Aye, County Clare!" said Kerrigan. "'Twas whin ye firrst spoke an' looked up wid the two blue eyes av ye, says I to meself: 'Arrah! the wathers av Clare an' the blue sky over thim! Is ut home I am again on the owld sod? Thin praise be to the saints I'll not l'ave ut!"

"Ye're forgettin' the sheriff this minut'," she said slyly.

"'Twas only the butt ind av a bit av a ruction, lass," Kerrigan replied. He told the whole story. "Ye mind," he went on, "I was shstill hot wid the mate whin I came to the cornerib. Aye, thot mate he shtirred me, thin left me to boll."

"I know," she replied. "'Tis hard to have a bit of timper cut off like a shtring. Wan thing's as good as the nixt for a handle."

"Ye have the rights av ut, lass," said Kerrigan shyly, "but, sure, ye l'ave out the text. I'm thinkun' 'twas the way of the blissed saints to lade me to yez. Ye'll see it yersilf thot I cu'd not l'ave ye."

SHE glanced at him with a sidelong look of mischief.

"Aye," she said, "'tis well known 'tis the custhom of sailors to stick to a lass. 'Tis in all the songs."

"An' am I not a mon before I am a sailor?" he asked. "Sure, I'll l'ave the wather for good an' all for the blue eyes av ye."

"An' what will ye be doin' ashore?" she asked pertly. "Dreamin' ye're at work on the blue wathers whin ye look at me eyes? Arrah! 'twould be the fine job for a strong mon!"

"Is there no work in the town for a shstrong mon who's riddy to moll for two where he's mollid for himsilf alone?" demanded Kerrigan. "Thin the blissed saints thot led me to yez are the hussies."

"Would ye put spite on the saints for yer own wakeniss?" she cried. "'Tis all I wu'd know of ye, an' too much, ye pagan!"

"Aye, lass, ye've got the shifty tongue!" he exclaimed admiringly. "It doubles like a fox. I niver cu'd bide a lass thot had nought in her head but yis an' no. We'd fit like the two parts av a song."

"Aye, an' fight in two keys; I be'lave ye," she replied.

"Ye do, ye do," he declared. "I love ye as the land does the sun. Now be'lave thot."

"Which is half the time," said the girl quickly. "I told ye ye were the inconstant mon."

"Arrah! ye're sweet as the rose, lass," exclaimed Kerrigan, "but as hard to pick up as a bit av quicksilver."

The terrier had been sleeping at Kerrigan's feet, but now he sprang up and went whining to the door. Suddenly he barked and scratched at the panel. With a swift movement to the lamp, the girl turned it out. "Sh!" she said to the dog, and leaned over Kerrigan.

"Did ye hear the soft step at the door?" she whispered.

"I did not," he whispered back. "Belikes 'twas me heart ye heard thumpun'."

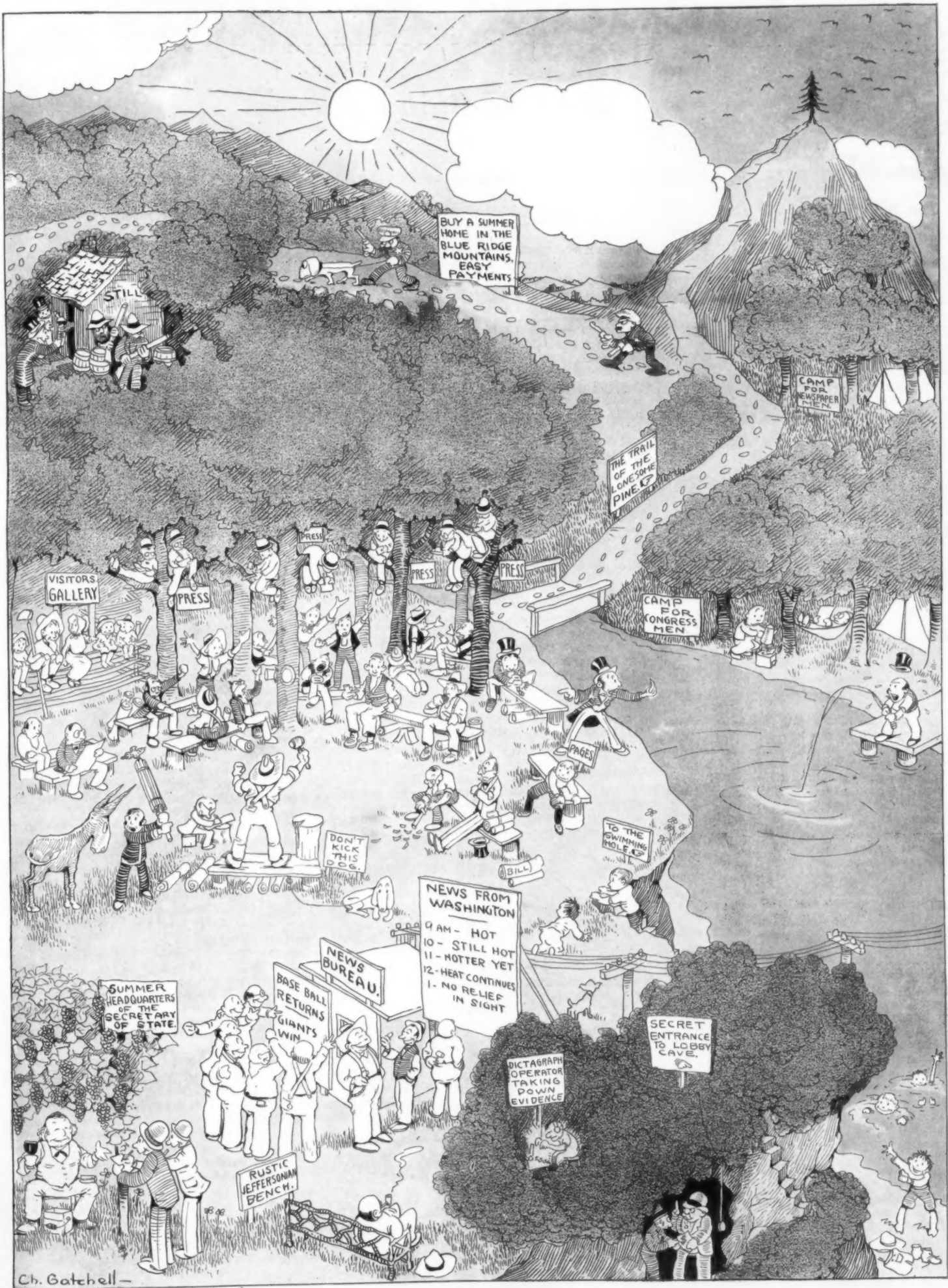
"Thin is it in sore need of the mendin'," she replied with a giggle, "for it squeaked like a new pair of shoes."

"'Tis the throe worrd I had from ye thin," he said. "Wu'd ye l'ave ut unmended, havun' the power?"

SHE was listening again, and made no reply, and a moment later they heard the stamp of hoofs and the sharp rattle of a halter across the edge of a manger.

The girl rose quickly and softly opened the door, and Kerrigan stepped to her side. The radiance of the moonlight flooded the lawn, but nowhere was there a sound or a moving figure. The girl sat down on the step.

"Keep out of sight," she whispered to Kerrigan. "It might be the owld docthor (Concluded on page 33)



WHEN THEY TAKE TO THE HILLS IN THE DOG DAYS

News Note.—Washington's torrid climate has driven Congress to consider the advisability of establishing a Summer Capitol in the near-by Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia

Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



The Nightmare of the Bush

WHITE-FACED, the Busher awoke at dawn,
His wild eyes streaked with gore;
He quivered like a stricken fawn,
Deep wounded to the core;
He gazed about from left to right
With sudden choking breath
And then he ducked again in fright
As from the grip of death.

"What's happened, kid?" a pal near by
Remarked upon his plight;
"Have you discovered you must die
Before another night?
Have you been canned while you are broke
Or sent to jail for life?
Or has some better-looking bloke
Stepped in and copped your wife?"

"Say, worse'n that," the Busher moaned
And turned a lighter pale;
And while he quivered there he groaned
This terror-stricken tale:
"While I was sleeping and could fly
To no protecting towns,
I dreamt that I'd been drafted by
The Yankees and the Browns."

The Next World Series

AS July began to wane into August and the cheering in about twelve of the sixteen Big League cities had died away, all apparent signs pointed again to another world-series meeting between those two masters of managerial acumen known as McGraw and Mack.

Late August or September might furnish another hunch, but sufficient unto the day is the dope thereof. Anyway, the immediate presence of these two clubs around the forefront recalls the fact that the Giants and the Athletics met first in 1905, with the former triumphant in four games to one. They met again in 1911 with the latter on top by four games to two. So a third meeting should be for extra gore; provided, of course, the dope remains intact to the finish, and a third meeting is installed.

Of the regulars from these old rivals who clashed in the first 1905 series only three remain. And these three are pitchers. Mathewson for the Giants with Plank and Bender for the Athletics constitute the survival of the flock, though Danny Murphy and Harry Davis remain on the Mackian roster within quick call.

One left for McGraw and two for Mack out of thirty warring entries in 1905 shows how quickly they fade under the drive of the game. In a period of eight years, one out of ten remains while the other nine skid along to the rear. Both managers have built over since the 1905 clash and have won two pennants in the rebuilding with a third in sight. Bender has known ten years of campaigning, while Mathewson and Plank have known thirteen, but the remainder of each machine has been rearranged since the days of Seybold and Donlin, of Dahlen and Cross.

With few exceptions, the same men that fought two years ago will meet again in case of double pennant success. But the main reliances of both clubs will be the veteran pitchers who met first in 1905. These three will face most of the storm. And of the three the toughest assignment will fall to Mathewson in meeting again the hardest-hitting ball club of the game—a free swinging, clean-eyed clouting clan that "hits 'em where they ain't," where they can't get to, and too hard where they are, the triple-coated science of swat.

Of the old Mackian infield, Davis, Murphy, and the Crosses have given way to McInnes, Collins, Barry, and Baker. Of the Giant infield, McGinn, Gilbert, Dahlen, and Devlin have passed before Merkle, Doyle, Fletcher, and Shafer.

Browne, Donlin, and Mertes from the old Giant outfield have been supplanted by Murray, Snodgrass, and Burns, while Hartsel, Seybold, and Lord have dropped back for Oldring, E. Murphy, and Strunk. Gone too are Schreckengost and Bowerman back of the bat, although Bresnahan is still in the game as a member of the Cubs.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that not only are Mathewson, Bender, and Plank still under fire, but in addition are still in top form as masters of the mound. Where Time has wiped the others out, these three have stuck with all they ever had.

Æsop and the Cubs

YOU may recall the Æsopian fable of the citizen who attempted to break a bundle of sticks well tied together. Absolutely nothing doing. Then he yielded to a lucid interval, untied the bundle, and found how simple it was to break one at a time.

Along parallel lines the old Cub machine was unbreakable for all practical purposes—unbreakable while playing together. But with Evers and Schulte in Chicago; Tinker, Brown, and Kling in Cincinnati, and Chance in New York, the general average is about sixth place. Evidently this Æsop knew something. The guy had talent, whether you like his stuff or not.

It's better to keep straight than to get distance, but only the contender who can do both gets to be Champion.

The spectacle of the Browns and Braves both out of last place shows again that it's never too late to mend.

The Albionic Average

WHAT is the percentage of the British Empire now?" queries an Albionic bystander.

A Canadian killed your American heavy-weight, four Englishmen beat your American golf champion, and a New Zealand Englishman stopped your tennis champion in three straight sets. So we ask again: "What is America's percentage and the percentage of the British Empire in this summer's International Standing of the Clubs?"

To be perfectly fair and upright about it, Professor J. Bull can at least claim a respectable place in the First Division. He has had a fairly buoyant summer, and while the English Stroke has drawn a lumpy time of it here and there, the general average has been very much to the .300, which is always worthy of congratulation.



The Ultimate Shock

JUST as I started from the tee
My rival turned and said to me:
"I slept exceedingly well last night
And woke up feeling fit and right;
My nerves feel fine, my eye is clear,
And I'm in shape from hoof to ear."

Just ere we drove into the hollows
My rival spoke about as follows:
"My legs are good—in no way lame,
And, what is more, I'm on my game;
In fact, I might as well admit
I never felt so badly fit."

No sooner had he finished than
I felt myself a blighted man;
My blood congealed, my marrow froze,
And, poised as one wrapped in a doze,
I felt my senses reel and rock,
And then—I fainted from the shock.

Sportive Definitions

BOOB—Any bloke who doesn't agree with your dope.
EXPERT—The guy who guesses the way you bet.
DOPE—The first step toward an alibi.
ALIBI—Showing how two plus two should equal three.
WEAK BATTING—The Home Club not hitting.
GREAT PITCHING—The Visitors not hitting.
BOGEY—What the Duffer would have made it in if—

Yesterday—To-day—To-morrow

(An address to the pennant winners)

"The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each;
This from her mountain side,
That from her burthened beach."
—R. KIPLING.

BEFORE you shriek your pennant joy,
Before you toast your winning team;
Before your haughty boast may cloy
Where others wear a blasted dream—
Where still your pulses thrill and throb,
Remember, in your taunt and clack,
That Babylon once had her Cobb
And Nineveh her Connie Mack.

Before you kid the Other Guy
Who pulled for Tigers or for Reds—
Before you cheer the flags that fly
Above your heroes' laureled heads—
Before the sculling grips your dome
Remember, through your ribald shout,
A Mathewson once pitched for Rome
And Carthage cheered her Baker's clout.

Jerusalem for summers knew
The only pennants then unfurled;
Greece followed with her winning crew
While Rome was master of the world;
Who knows when Time will play hobnob
With shifting dope of future cast,
Where some Fort Wayne will have its Cobb
As Giants and Mackmen finish last?

The Wheel of Fate

THE Wheel of Fate revolves in queer circles and with sudden jerks. A year ago last October Charley Herzog, Giant third baseman, almost won a championship unaided by terrific and timely batting, brilliant fielding, and all-around sensational work.

In the same series Fred Snodgrass, center fielder, figured largely in his club's defeat by dropping an easy fly ball where the catch would have meant victory in the deciding game.

Through the winter and early spring it was Herzog the Wonder and Snodgrass the Dub. Few figured that McGraw would carry the latter very long. Yet when the Giants fought their way back into the lead through a brilliant dash around mid season, Snodgrass was out in center field batting above .300 and playing better than ever before, with Herzog on the bench, supplanted by Shafer.

Herzog, playing well, suffered a ten-days sickness. Shafer was sent in to fill the gap and immediately began a series of fine plays through each battle while leading his club at the bat. As Fletcher at short was also batting fiercely and fielding well, there was no place for the World Series star to enter as a regular, although recognized as one of the most valuable players in the game.

The Herzog-Shafer-Fletcher shift around the Giant infield has been one of the queerest ever known. Last season at short, Fletcher was injured and Shafer took his place. When Fletcher recovered he was unable to beat Shafer out and regain his job. Then Shafer, the regular, was called home through sickness, and upon his return was unable to beat out Fletcher.

This season Herzog was taken sick and Shafer installed, and Herzog in turn was unable to wrest back his job from Shafer. The presence of three infielders for two jobs, so equally matched, means that the two working must travel at top speed to keep out the third, a system which has been a big factor in keeping the Giants so well up in the fight. There's no great incentive for an athlete to start taking things easily when he knows a rival on the bench is ready for a running start to take his place at the first sign of slipping.

Trying Out the Swing

THE heights by leading golfers kept
Were not attained by daytime clutch;
But then, while their companions slept,
Were smashing chandeliers and such.

The New Politics—IV

By R. M. McCLINTOCK

THE Wilson Administration apparently plans to occupy itself wholly with the tariff, currency reform, and control of the trusts through the restoration of competition. Those are all big problems, worthy any administration's best efforts. But, after all, they are not the one big, all-embracing problem. That problem, which comprehends and includes all others, is the fairer distribution of wealth—the problem of social and industrial justice. And the success or failure of the Wilson Administration will be determined by the measure in which the acts passed by that Administration contribute toward this fairer distribution of wealth.

It has been claimed for tariff revision that it will force a fairer distribution, by reducing the exorbitant prices charged by producers and thus reducing the cost of living. Inasmuch, however, as many of the articles to be placed on the free list are controlled by trusts, and as food-stuffs apparently are continually rising in price, regardless of the tariff, it is somewhat doubtful to just what extent the cost of living will be reduced.

If the cost of living is appreciably and permanently lowered, however, then wages will be correspondingly lowered, except in so far as the unions are able to prevent it. There is competition in labor, if in nothing else, and wages in all the unorganized industries tend to seek as a level the figure at which it is barely possible to sustain life.

IS OUR TARIFF TO BLAME?

BUT we don't have to guess at what free trade will do for labor. England furnishes an example. All we have to do is to observe conditions there; this ought to give us an idea as to how much can be expected of a lower tariff in solving the big problem of the fairer distribution of wealth in the United States.

The statement can be made unreservedly that conditions of labor in England are much worse than in the United States. Other factors enter in, of course; the poor state of labor in England is not wholly due to free trade, or perhaps even largely due to it; but that such a state of affairs does exist in England proves that free trade in itself will accomplish but little toward the fairer distribution of wealth. There is more poverty in England than in any other great civilized country; there is a larger proportion of the population dependent upon the state for relief. Not only do English workmen receive actually a much lower wage than American workmen, but it is also relatively lower.

And, as a matter of fact, the impotency of free trade to accomplish social justice is proved by the fact that, just across the North Sea, in protected Germany, while wages are not much different from wages in England, the lot of the average workman is much better. Just as the miseries of English workmen are not to be blamed upon free trade, so the comparative comfort of the German workmen is not due either largely or directly to the protective tariff in effect there. But conditions in these two countries certainly do prove beyond the question of a doubt that free trade in itself does not bring relief to labor, nor protection its destruction.

During the last presidential campaign much was heard from Democratic orators in condemnation of such conditions as exist among the woolen workers at Lawrence, Mass., among the cotton workers of the South, among the coal miners of West Virginia. It was repeatedly stated on the stump that these conditions are the result of the protective tariff. But there was never a bigger fallacy.

If protection were responsible for the appalling conditions that have come to light at Lawrence, would we not expect that, in free-trade England, the condition of the woolen-mill workers would be infinitely better than in protected America? But, as a matter of fact, we find no such thing; in England, as in America, workers in the woolen mills are paid the barest of living wages; in both countries a few days without work throws these workers upon the bounty of the community.

If protection were to blame for the fact that, in Southern cotton mills, father, mother, even the littlest children, are forced to toil long hours in order that a bare living for the family may be eeked out, might we not expect to find strikingly better conditions in free-trade

England? But here again we find that, in England as in America, the wages paid are the barest living wages; if there is perhaps less child labor in English mills it is because England enforces its laws against child labor.

If protection were responsible for the conditions of peonage that shock us as the light is turned upon the coal-mining industry in the supposedly free State of West Virginia, might we not expect that in free-trade England miners would be well paid and prosperous? But again our expectations would be blasted; conditions are even worse in free-trade England than in protected America; even women work in the English mines, and, bad as are conditions in our own country, we have as yet been spared this shame.

NO RELIEF IN TARIFF REVISION

THE heart of every real man and woman bleeds as he or she reads of the conditions of labor in our great industries. And thousands and thousands of them last fall voted the Democratic ticket as a protest against what they know exists in our protected industries. But it is a vain hope to expect that a mere change in tariff schedules will bring much, if any, relief. This country, indeed, is perhaps the only civilized nation left where any large percentage of the people still cling to the obsolete belief that there is inherent virtue in any tariff system.

Certainly England has abandoned the old idea. England is copying Germany's social legislation. The scientific Germans early learned that, if anything like justice were to be secured to the workmen, it must come from the enactment of definitely protective legislation—paternalistic, socialistic legislation, if you please. Hence the German workman enjoys to-day, and has enjoyed for years, old-age, sickness, invalidity, and unemployment insurance; he has had the benefit of industrial education to make him a more efficient workman; in his cities the municipality controls all utilities for his benefit; in many places even the municipality owns and rents to him the model dwelling in which he lives.

The Liberal party and the Labor party in England are following the German example. Free-trade England, by enacting the same social legislation that has proved so efficacious in Germany, hopes to give her own workmen at least as fair treatment as protected Germany long ago gave hers.

SOCIAL LEGISLATION NEEDED

AND we in the United States must follow in the same path. Our problem is not so much to reduce the cost of living as it is to distribute more fairly the wealth of the nation. Under a high tariff or a low tariff or free trade the labor conditions that have so scandalized us (as they have been brought to our attention in the past few years) will still persist, and but little change one way or another will be noticed.

There must be a revolution in American politics. We have gone on in the old way long enough. There was some excuse for it as long as there was free land to which the laborer might go to better his condition. But there is no more free land. And a mere lowering of the tariff will not bring relief to the workers in mill and mine and factory whose all-day toil barely suffices to keep body and soul together.

Doubtless we need tariff revision. But we need other legislation far more than we need this. We need strict control of all corporations by the Government—such control as will enable the Government to prevent any corporation from doing injustice either to workers or to consumers. We need minimum wage laws assuring to all workers, men as well as women, a living wage. We need laws against child labor, against such work by women as endangers the coming generation. We need laws limiting the hours of all labor, and providing for one day's rest in seven. We need laws for the conservation of health. We need laws providing for accident, old-age, invalidity, and unemployment insurance. We need laws for conciliation and arbitration of industrial disputes. Finally, and to sum it all up, we need laws providing for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised. And, if these laws are to be fair and just to all industry and all labor, they must be national, not State, laws.



The bar of Judgment

"Campbell's Tomato Soup:

You are charged with being made from sound, red-ripe Jersey tomatoes, fresh from the vines; beside the other nourishing ingredients of

Campbell's

TOMATO SOUP

"You are charged with being blended by the exclusive Campbell formula admired alike by practical housewives and exacting epicures.

"You are charged with being the most tempting, wholesome, satisfying soup ever served.

"After a fair and frequent trial, we find you guilty as charged in this indictment. And you are hereby sentenced to be enjoyed regularly hereafter in the most refined and best-appointed homes".



"As sure as the fate
Of this chick-a-dee-dee
Is the hit that each plate
Of that soup makes
with me."

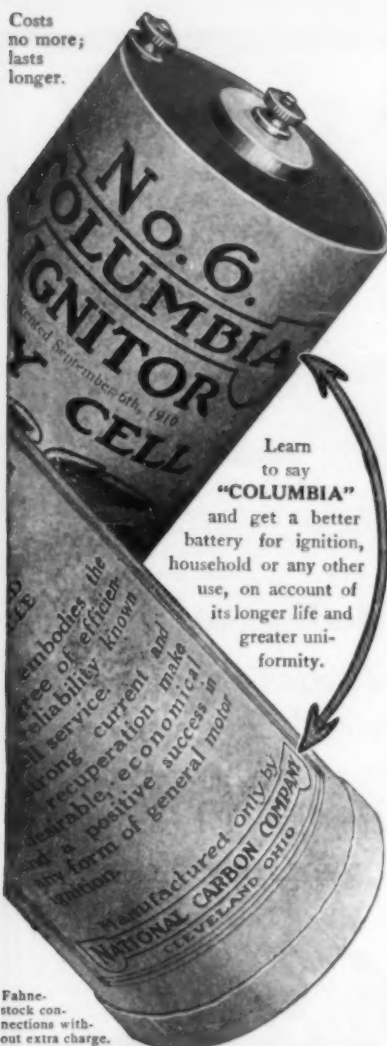
21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-gumbo	Pea
(Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

Costs
no more;
lasts
longer.



Learn
to say
"COLUMBIA"
and get a better
battery for ignition,
household or any other
use, on account of
its longer life and
greater uni-
formity.

Fabre-
stock con-
nections with-
out extra charge.

Lee
Puncture-Proof
Pneumatic
Tires

Get our
"Puncture-Proof
or Money-Back"
Guarantee
and Booklet "D"
showing 6026 miles
per tire on 140 tires,
without a single punc-
ture or inner-tube
replacement.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Lee Tire & Rubber Co.

The College of Medicine
University of Illinois

Minimum admission requirements, one year in a recognized college or university in addition to graduation from an accredited high school.

For course of medical study, four years are required.

Location in the heart of Chicago's great medical center.

Collegiate year begins October 1st, 1913.

For full information concerning course of study, fees, etc., address SECRETARY, Box 12—

College of Medicine of the University of Illinois
Congress and Honore Streets, Chicago, Illinois

EDWARDS
FIREPROOF
STEEL
GARAGES

For Automobiles and Motorcycles
\$30 and Up

Easy to put up. Portable.
All sizes. Postal brings
latest illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 333-383 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, Etc., and Information of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 1c postage for valuable books.

R. S. & A. E. LACEY, Dept. B, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Joy-Ranching and

By Jesse

THERE are two kinds of "ranch life"—the kind we see on the stage and the kind we see in the West. They are both interesting in their different ways. Perhaps the latter, on the whole, is preferable. It may not be so picturesque and dashing, but it is safer and saner, like the new Fourth of July. It also has the advantage of existence outside of the theatre and books—a great advantage for those who want to get into it, not merely to look on. To be sure, the other kind did exist once, to a certain extent, but it has passed away with the open ranges and the good old days, meaning in some cases pretty bad ones, though they have already been canonized by literature, and so wear the halo of romance.

RANCHES AND RANCHES

BUT there are still ranches out West, all kinds of ranches. In fact, any place out in the country is called a ranch—in certain parts of the West, at least. It is hard to generalize about the West. It is too big. But I remember my surprise once when I went to spend a Sunday on a friend's ranch in California, and found ten acres of woodland on a mountain side, with an Italian villa and a good tennis court, not far from a summer hotel.

Some ranches are what we would call farms in the East, or orchards, or "truck" gardens, or poultry yards.

But there are still real ranches in the West, the kind we were all brought up to believe in as boys, and longed for. Only we must not count too much upon finding rough, low buildings (preferably adobe) with a bunk house and a corral, set in the midst of a vast, treeless plain across which cowboys with "sombros" and "lariats" dash madly, firing six-shooters and emitting strange oaths. The modern ranch house, though there are still plenty of primitive ones, is quite as likely to be built of stone or concrete, to contain bathrooms and telephones, and to be approached in an automobile. There are cattle ranches in New Mexico where you may see excellent polo played. There are others where you may see celebrated collections of etchings or paintings.

And as for the hands, the cow-punchers, riders, vaqueros, or whatever you choose to call them except "cowboys," few of them, like few of us, carry firearms unless they are going out to shoot something. Why should they?—guns are such heavy things to lug around. Many of the men who work on ranches are pretty poor shots. Not a few of them know more about the mechanism of a phonograph than that of a revolver. They are less prone to unnecessary profanity—the old-timers at least—than the average Eastern visitor, though when occasion demands it of them they can arise to it in a way to make their visitors look like the amateurs they really are.

THE SPELL OF THE WEST

AS for their riding, they are seen walking their horses far more than the neat equestrians in the park. Naturally so, since they are more likely to ride all day, and know too much to gallop romantically across the plains, especially when punctuated with prairie-dog holes, though their visitors are given to galloping and making their horses "ganted"—as they say in Wyoming—unless restrained.

But the inherent charm of nature is still out there for those who like it, even though the adventitious charm of romance may not be melodramatic enough for Broadway. The wide horizon is still there (except where a grain elevator blocks it), the air is just as clear (as yet), the atmosphere as stimulating, and the country (in some places) just as much "God's country" as it used to be in the ungodly days immortalized by Owen Wister and Fred Remington. There are still places where, walled in by mountains, many miles from railroads, a few of the old guard are making a last stand, leading the kind of life they learned to love and decline to abandon for money; where men and women still have the strength and kind-



Breaking a "twister." Note the curve of the broncho's back. The chaps are thrown in

ness of the frontier, unpolluted by the artificial standards of our so-called civilization; where human beings are judged by what they are and not by what they have, and ranked by how well they can do a thing rather than how much they make by it. In these places, except when the civilizing touch of capital has touched them for all they were worth, we still find a lingering relic of that quaint, archaic thing called democracy.

SPORTING RANCHES

THE cattle industry, like most others, is being taken over by trusts for the Larger Good. Therefore a great many ranches have gone out of business and have gone into pleasure—like the abandoned farms of New England. A ranch for sport is one of the modern luxuries of those that have done the country enough larger good, like preserves in Canada and so-called "camps" in the Adirondacks. Others are owned or rented by little syndicates of friends for the fishing, shooting, and riding, like the clubs in the North Woods and certain islands off the Southern coast. Some of them still are used incidentally for raising cattle or horses.

In fact, the fascination of "life on a ranch," whether due to the love of the dramatic or love of sport—and they are not so different after all—has created an entirely new sort of ranch in the West, called the "dude ranch," and has given rise to a new industry, which an expert horse wrangler has dubbed "dude wrangling," meaning simply rounding up and taking care of those who come to ranches for pleasure.

"I've tried both kinds," said the old-timer, "and they're both interestin'; but the typical dude is the orneriest of the two. Only with this difference: a horse would like to behave wrong, but has generally learned better; whereas a dude would like awful well to behave right, but hasn't learned how."

The epithet "dude," however, is not necessarily derisive. Just as in some parts of the North Woods anyone who comes to shoot or fish is called a "city sport" whether he lives in the city and is a sportsman or not; so with the Eastern dude. It is merely a generic term convenient for classifying all who come

to ranches for a good time. He may be experienced in Western riding, and an expert with gun and rod, or he may be a permanent tenderfoot with nervous prostration. The phrase has no reference to clothes—which, by the way, are likely to be more doggedly "Western" than the garb of those born and bred in the West.

"It sure does me good to see you dudes," as the wife of a ranch owner once remarked affably to an unshaven pair of Eastern sportsmen in faded shirt sleeves and soiled overalls, who had ridden twenty miles to make a neighborly call. "You see, I used to be a musician back East—in Kansas City—and you know how it is out here—so few folks to talk the language."

Scattered all over the great West are ranches where visitors can come and stay as (more or less) paying guests. Some of these are owned by old-timers, who could not or would not adjust themselves to the civilizing touch. Others are owned by Easterners whose fondness for life in the open is greater than their incomes. Still others by a partnership of the two kinds of sportsmen.

These places offer the best imaginable outing for those who want the fun of life in the open without the inconveniences of camping, for there are enough of the advantages of civilization to put all one's time and energy upon fishing, shooting, and riding over beautiful country, and yet it is neither a lumber camp nor a summer hotel. Besides, those who want rougher work can usually outfit at these ranches and proceed from there with a pack train or grub wagon, as the case may be. The modern ranch has excellent food. They no longer live on salt pork while surrounded by thousands of beees, as in the good old days. Moreover, they have fresh vegetables, too (as well as canned tomatoes), and fish and game in season, and sometimes out of season, too, I fear.

WHERE THE WILD WEST LINGERS

AT some of these boarding ranches they offer, in addition to sport, a taste of "real ranch life," as read about in books, with an interesting round-up every afternoon at three o'clock, the "cowboys" dressing and playing their well-rehearsed parts as advertised in the booklet printed in colors, turning on daily the same spontaneous enthusiasm exhibited by members of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Well, it does no harm, and the boarders get their money's worth, whether they take the side shows seriously or not, for each has a horse of his own to ride, with beautiful or interesting country to explore, and a cabin for his exclusive use, too, if he likes, or a tent; and he enjoys a new and invigorating kind of life, even if it is not "real ranch life," and even if he or she does not go in for shooting, fishing, canoeing, mountain climbing, or packing. Some of these ranches have become popular resorts and very profitable investments.

There are others which have been planned to be neither. For instance, there is one lying secluded and unexploited in a romantic corner of the most famous elk country in the United States, which is owned in congenial partnership by a former member of the United States Forestry Service and a



Rounding up the horse herd—a photograph which shows that the horses also have acquired serenity

Dude-Wrangling

Lynch Williams

former member of the English department of an Eastern university. They are both true sportsmen, the kind who enjoy a day's hunt even if they come home with clean gun barrels; and like to see some one else hit when they have missed.

The ex-forest ranger got his early training as a cow-puncher in the old days of the Nevada frontier, and yet he has been known to win the long-distance fly-casting contest at Madison Square Garden. The ex-teacher got his early training in one American and two or three European universities, and yet he has brought back heads for his clubs in the East from shooting trips in our West and in British Columbia. One has a plantation in Cuba, where he goes in the winter, and the other has an apple ranch in Washington, where he writes poems when not too busy.

A SECLUDED SPOT

THEY make an excellent combination for each other and for those who come to stay with them. They also make an interesting example of the lure of the West and its assimilative qualities. The former cattleman, when he saw that the old régime was doomed, tried the city for a while and was by way of making money, but he longed for the old life. So he searched and found in a remote country, walled in by peaks as high as the Alps, though not climbed as often, just what he had always been looking for: a combination of plains and mountains, lakes and streams, with big game



A remote country, walled in by peaks as high as the Alps, though not climbed as often.

In some places they are still ignored. But now that game has become in several States a valuable asset, not only are the laws more stringent, but their enforcement is aided by many who formerly did not care. That is why during the severe winter of 1909-10, when 20,000 head of elk were in the famous Jackson's Hole—the ugly name for the beautiful country just south of the Yellowstone Park—the natives, aided a little by the State Government, fed them with hay, even skipping their own stock to do so. They estimate that every elk head taken out of the Hole brings at least a hundred dollars into it. The elk were starving and coming down from the ridges, which were either frozen over or stripped bare; they began raiding the haystacks of the ranchers, so that men had to build barricades around them or take turns guarding them at night. In one case, it was solemnly related, the elk came into one of the towns and attacked a saloon one night, eating the straw which had been wrapped around bottles while a lodge meeting of the Elks was going on in the room above.

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

WHAT impresses one most on a "dude" ranch is what a good time anyone can have whether he has ever been on a ranch or a horse before in his life. He may not ride very well nor know a cattle from a pommel, but what of it? The object is to have a good time, not to illustrate a rule. Within a fortnight he will prefer saddling his horse to walking to a trout stream only half a mile away, especially as the Western style of riding is as much more rational than the Eastern

as the Western pony is more intelligent than the Eastern horse with his conventional panicky opinion of things.

It is interesting to observe how soon everyone adopts the habits and habiliments of the country. To the man who has never been West before, a broad-brimmed felt hat and a silk bandanna may seem at first an affectation for him, though natural, perhaps, for the men and women who live there. But he soon discovers (as they discovered long ago) that just that sort of hat is the only practical kind for Western weather. And a bandanna not only keeps the chin from chafing on a flannel collar, but the back of the neck and head from sunburn or rain or mosquitoes; or, in a bad alkali region, it can be tied across the nose and mouth for cleaner breathing.

"GOD'S GREAT OUTDOORS"

SIMILARLY the vest, a foolish garment at home, soon takes the place of a coat, because of the freedom it allows the arms, and the covering it supplies the chest and the pockets it supplies for tobacco—particularly when they have flaps.

The first time I ever rode in a sagebrush country I was advised to wear woolen underclothes. I declined. I did not believe in them, "especially in such hot weather." My friend said nothing, nor did he smile quietly either. The man of wide experience never patronizes a tenderfoot. It takes the man of just a little experience to do that, or the scornful writers about "God's Great Outdoors," who usually make it sound so esoteric that instead of bringing people who need it most out into God's Great Outdoors it causes them to stay at home in man's comfortable indoors. The flat country over which we were riding was 6,000 feet up, and there were no clouds. The sun burned straight through my thin shooting clothes, while my companion kept cool. After that, when I rode in that kind of country, I wore one or two layers of wool, covered with khaki or leather, and kept cool; though, of course, when we got off our horses to shoot we became uncomfortably hot if we had to do much walking.

There is a good utilitarian reason for nearly every detail of the Western costume. Even the fringes, now chiefly affected by those who want to be taken for "typical cowboys," were once practical things, which could be pulled out readily when needed, without waiting to dig into inaccessible pockets—decoration and utility combined.

GENTILITY—REAL AND ARTIFICIAL

THE most significant thing of all, out on a ranch or up in the woods or in any place out in the open, is the inherent gentility of strong men who have got beyond the immediate influence of the funny little ideals of our permeating pecuniary culture. It is so different from artificial gentility. I once observed an Easterner smiling tolerantly behind an old-timer's back at the latter's slips in English. But when a few minutes later the Easterner cinched his saddle wrong, the other waited until he wasn't looking, then fixed it right—without smiling.



The boarders get their money's worth, whether they take the side shows seriously or not.

in the forests, small game in the lowlands, and several kinds of trout fishing in the several kinds of water. But cattle raising within those beautiful and romantic mountains—the name of which need not be mentioned, since not one American in ten has ever heard of them—cattle raising would not pay. The winters are severe there and the valley is inaccessible—two long days, and over an 8,000-foot pass, to the nearest railroad. Nowadays that is considered a long distance.

WHERE ELK STILL ROAM

THEN along came the young Eastern sportsman who liked the same things and had had enough of an academic career to last him a lifetime. They struck up a friendship and finally this partnership, one furnishing Western experience and the other Eastern friends. In this way they both are enabled to own and enjoy what amounts to a large private game preserve, for they raise little except vegetables for the table and hay for the stock. They lead the kind of life they both want for a few months every year, with a number of friends to enjoy the same thing with them at a reasonable cost and with none of the responsibility.

These sporting ranches, surprising as it may sound at first, perform a nationally useful service in the conservation of game. In many parts of the West, as is notorious, the game laws were until recently regarded as a joke.



He has been known to win the long-distance fly-casting contest at Madison Square Garden. This is not the Garden.



Fifty-six years experience and adoption of every possible Sanitary Precaution in its Manufacture, has made

Gail Borden.
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

The Cleanest, Safest, Most Wholesome and Satisfying Substitute for Mother's Milk in Infant Feeding.

Write for Booklets

Borden's
Condensed Milk
Company
New York
Established 1857

"Leaders of Quality"





The Business Woman's Greatest Assets

—the ready smile—a pleasing presence—healthful energy. Intimately related to these attributes which make for success are good teeth and

GOOD TEETHKEEPING

When the teeth are sound, good digestion—the foundation of good health and vigor—is the result. There's nothing more important in the business woman's day than the night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Dr. Lyon's is a pure, velvety powder. It preserves the teeth by thorough polishing the natural way, the best way, the **safe** way. Pleasant to use, keeps the mouth fresh and wholesome and the breath naturally fragrant.

Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Neutralizes the injurious acid tendencies of the mouth.

Visit your dentist twice a year—support his professional efforts by the regular use of Dr. Lyon's—and you will be repaid in good teeth and good health.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere



Out-of-Doors in the Rocky Mountains

THE Most Delightful Summer Resorts in America are to be found in the Rocky Mountain Region.

Denver, Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Canon City, Glenwood Springs, Gunnison River Resorts, Wagon Wheel Gap, Pagosa Springs, Ouray, Silverton, Santa Fe, Salt Lake City and Ogden are all located directly on the line of the

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

"The Scenic Line of the World"

Hunting, Camping, Fishing and Out-of-Door Sports

By the way, if you are going to the Pacific Coast, the Denver & Rio Grande—Western Pacific, the Royal Gorge, Feather River Canon Route, offers far more scenic attractions than any other transcontinental line.

For free illustrated, descriptive booklets, address:

FRANK A. WADLEIGH,
General Passenger Agent,
Denver, Colorado

"SEE THE ROCKIES"

The Hired Man's Chance

By JOHN M. OSKISON



THIS is the story of an editorial. In COLLIER'S an editorial writer, who wanted to put out a helpful hint, wrote:

"The most hopeless man in the United States to-morrow can drop off the railroad train at any station in Kansas or Nebraska or Oklahoma without a cent and within an hour get work at \$2 a day. Within five years he can own a piece of land, and in twenty have a comfortable home with sons and daughters in the State university. He need only have a reasonably strong body and character."

THE CHANCE IS QUEBLED

IN the writer's mind rested a conviction of the essential truth of his statement; but he knew, also, that it was sure to be questioned. He believed that the questions would come mainly from those Socialists who would not accept the suggestion as a solution of all the problems of the universe. To them, therefore, he took the precaution to say that he didn't care whether it did or not.

That editorial writer was a bad prophet. No letters came from Socialists, but a good number did come from young men who wanted to be told just what station in the three States mentioned would be best for them to drop off at; some came from workmen in the West who said that they cannot agree with the statements in the editorial, and some came from employers of farm labor.

Then the editorial arrived in the office of the "Rural New Yorker." There it attracted the critical notice of Mr. H. W. Collingwood, the editor, who set out to test its accuracy after a formula which has often been used by the "Rural New Yorker." Mr. Collingwood has told me about the method.

"When we want to find out what the man on the ground thinks, we go straight to him and ask," he said. In the time he has occupied the editor's chair, Mr. Collingwood has trained his readers to regard themselves as a family. He has encouraged the letter-writing habit, and he sits gravely and sympathetically at the head of the table and listens while his readers tell him what's on their minds. It is a devoted and responsive family—the man at the head of the table has seen it grow from 8,000 in number to more than 130,000, and his desk is piled high with letters at all times. Mr. Collingwood is frank to say that he'd rather get a letter from a farmer who sets out his ideas laboriously on cheap ruled paper, using a lead pencil and his own system of spelling, than to read a typewritten page.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT

OUR way of testing the practical value of a proposition," went on Mr. Collingwood, "is to send the heart of it to our people. We go to our subscription list and select a number of names at random (the selection is made by a clerk, or some one who cannot possibly know anything about the individuals chosen). In this way we think that we get at the real facts, without prejudice or feeling.

"So, when I saw the editorial in COLLIER'S, I dictated a letter and sent

it to a number of our subscribers in Nebraska. I gave the substance of the statements in the COLLIER editorial, and then I asked:

"Now, is this an extravagant statement or is there any truth in it? It was made by COLLIER'S in order to show that there is a chance in the country for working people. I think, however, that the statement is exaggerated, and it might prove an injury to some of our people by leading them to expect too much if they tried their fortunes in the West. Will you be kind enough to tell us just how much truth there may be in a statement of this sort? In other words, just what opportunities are there in the West to-day for a man who is willing to work but who has no capital?"

"Here are all sorts of answers—look them over. Only one of the lot is written on a typewriter! They are the real thing, right from people who know what they're talking about, who wouldn't purposely make an overstatement."

And Mr. Collingwood put a sheaf of letters in my hand.

What is the verdict of the letter writers—those who have written directly to COLLIER'S and those who have replied to the query of the editor of the "Rural New Yorker"? This is not the place to make a general answer, except to say that the writer of the original editorial is perfectly willing to let the jury speak. And the jurymen—the letter writers—say:

No. 1—This man writes from Sioux, Neb.:

"Any man that will do an honest day's work can get eight or ten jobs in a day within ten miles of Sioux City at \$30 to \$35 a month and board. I would give a good man \$30 a month by the year if I could get one. There is more work than men around here. I have lived here since 1873, and it is harder to get farm hands, at any price, now than ever before.

"The good farm hands save their money and buy a steam plow, a wagon, and a cultivator at some farm sale, rent a farm, and start in for themselves. I know of six or eight right in this neighborhood that started in as hired men and now own farms. They have made it in the last ten or twelve years.

"It all depends on the man."

No. 2—Here is a plain-spoken juror, whose letter came from Telluride, Colo. He doesn't believe that COLLIER'S was right:

"I would like to ask you where you obtained your information. I have been in at least a dozen cities and towns in the States you named, and I have found a standard wage for unskilled labor to be 15 cents an hour, and it is hard to find a job at that. I have thought myself lucky when getting a job at \$1.50 a day after hunting one for a week.

"If you will tell me of a town in one of the three States you mention where I can get work at \$2 a day, and do as well with the money as you say, I will move to it before another week has passed. Your statement is untrue.

"I wish to add that I am not a Socialist, and that I have reasonably strong body and character."

No. 3—This man writes from Bladen, Neb., to say that the statement made in the COLLIER editorial would have been true of all of Nebraska twelve or fourteen years ago, "and may still be true in a few sections of the State." He points out that the eastern and central parts of Nebraska must now be classed with the older settled communities; there pasture land sells for \$20 an acre and more, while first-class improved farm land near the towns brings \$150 an acre. An average farm of 160 acres, therefore, would cost about \$16,000. (Usually one-fifth (often one-fourth) of the cost must be paid down, the balance in installments, the buyer paying 6 per cent interest on what he owes. When half the purchase price is paid, the title passes to the buyer, and the seller is willing to take a mortgage at 5 to 6 per cent.

As for the man with only the capital of his reasonably strong body and character, this man says:

"Good hands are in demand from March to October, and can get about \$30 a month and board during that time. A few receive as high as \$35 a month and board. October to December the hired man gets about \$25 a month and board. From Christmas to the first of March he might have to pay board. During July and the first half of August, shockers and pitchers in the grain field receive from \$3 to \$3.50 a day and board. . . .

"NOTHING LIKE TRYING"

"BY the end of three years a man may have saved between \$400 and \$500 by working for wages, but this is not enough to start him as a farmer. At the end of the fourth or fifth year he can become a tenant farmer, but the road from tenant farmer to farm owner is a long and laborious one. After he has paid a rent equal to one-third of what he produces, his profit on the average rented farm will not be big—perhaps from \$200 to \$400 above expenses and fair wages for his own labor. There is hope of shortening the road by raising live stock."

That man's letter is characteristic of a good many. He has said the things which needed to be said by way of elaboration of the COLLIER editorial. He has shown a way for the hired man to graduate to a rented farm in four or five years, and his statement ought to be plain enough on the possibility of ownership to encourage the man who can look forward twenty years. In any competitive business, in the city or in the country, ownership of anything worth while in the way of income-producing property is not apt to come to the man of average ability under twenty years. And that is a reasonable time to wait. It is a space of time which carries the average man to an age of between forty and forty-five, when his family is growing out of short clothes and when he feels that he would like to ease off the strain somewhat himself.

No. 4—"A little fishy" is the way Farmer Lord sums up the statements in the COLLIER editorial, but his further comment is not half so discouraging:

"I can say that hired help on a farm is getting good wages. As for getting hold of a farm in three years, the hired man will have to save, and he will find that he has got a hard row to hoe. Still, there's nothing like trying. Maybe in twenty years he will be sending his children to the university."

The fellow who won't work hard and be content to wait for results, using his head as well as his hands while he is waiting, had better not try to follow the prescription of COLLIER's; and, surely, the writer of the editorial never meant to suggest that good farms are likely to fall into the laps of the men equipped only with a desire for ownership.

No. 5—Wayne County, Nebraska, is the home of this farmer, who starts out by saying that some men seem to have a genius for making money. He believes that it would imply the possession of genius of this brand by the young man who could take empty hands to Wayne County and in twenty years become the owner of a valuable farm, live in luxury, and send his children to the university. One in a hundred, he thinks, might do it. There is, of course, a reason:

"Land here sells for from \$100 to \$200 an acre. The man that could come in and get hold of land as expensive as this would have to show himself a hustler and a good manager. He would have to show exceptional personal qualifications and remember that dimes spent in pool halls never could make him rich."

"IF STEADY AND SAVING"

"A YOUNG man could come here in the spring and get work on a farm right away if he knew how to drive a team. Such a young man, if he turned out to be steady and saving, could stay in one neighborhood long enough to become well known and gain the confidence and esteem of his employers. Then he might become a tenant farmer—he could do that within three years. I know a young man who came here from Denmark less than three years ago, and who is now farming for himself."

"In this section the tenant farmer makes a good living, and he can save some money. A good many get together a little bank account and then move on out West where land is cheaper. I don't believe that over one in a hundred of the tenant farmers here ever succeed in buying the land they rent. That hundredth man is the money-making genius who would succeed at any sort of business."

No. 6—Go to Bloomington, Neb., if you want work. The farmer who sent a letter from that address spoke of the COLLIER editorial in this way:

"I will say that the first statement is about true, for farm help is very scarce in this neighborhood and all over the country west of the Missouri River. As to getting a home here, if a man was willing to go through the same sort of privations as the early settlers went through, he could do it, for west of here there is still some vacant Government land."

"I think that a man who wants to work and has no capital would do much better west of the Missouri River than east of Chicago."

No. 7—This man has been very busy planting corn, and his answer, which comes from Tobias, Neb., is one of the last sent in. He is not hopeful of the success of the man with the willing hands but no capital, and he believes that such a one would have to work for wages a longer time than three years before he can buy the equipment necessary to become a tenant farmer. And when he becomes a tenant farmer, paying from \$400 to \$500 a year as rent for 100 acres of land, he will not make money if he has to have much of his work done.

BETTER CHANCES IN NEW YORK STATE

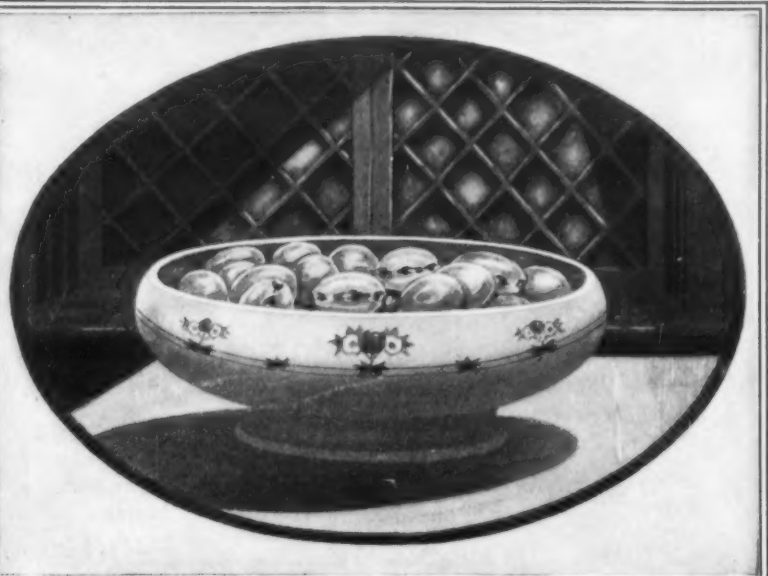
FARM-LAND values are high in the older settled communities—in Nebraska and Kansas, as well as in Ohio and Illinois. The ambitious worker will not go to those places unless he is prepared to make the long fight over the road from farm hand to farm owner. Within a generation the price of land in such communities has doubled and trebled, and whoever goes there now to buy must pay a huge bonus to the owners who preceded them.

But toward the western border of the States of Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma land prices are not high. Population is not great, the number of jobs to be had are, of course, limited, but wages will average about as high as in the communities referred to in the letters quoted above. It will be possible for the hired man to graduate from his job to a rented farm in a shorter time, because the equipment needed is not so elaborate. And once he is on a rented farm the time to buy will come sooner. He will be able to buy good farm land for from \$25 to \$50 an acre, and the amount of cash needed to make the first payment will not be big. He will pay a considerably higher interest rate on deferred payments than he would have to pay in settled communities. He will pay from 8 to 10 (and sometimes as much as 12) per cent.

To balance a high interest rate, the man of the western border will have a better chance to supplement his income from live stock. There is a lot of free range, and cheap range, left. Out of Kansas has come a hint which is worth keeping in mind. It is given in a letter from a live-stock dealer who has



A young man could come here in the spring and get work on a farm right away



At Supper One Evening

The folks at the table found bowls of Puffed Grains ready to float in milk.

Gigantic grains, puffed to eight times normal size. Four times as porous as bread.

Crisp, airy wafers, toasted and thin. Bubbles of grain, ready to melt at a touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

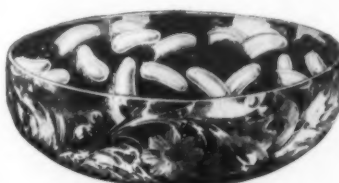
Here, for the first time, the folks at that table tasted whole grains made wholly digestible. And they found them enticing foods.

Perhaps a million homes have, again and again, served Puffed Grains in this way

Countless people, this very day, had luncheons and suppers like this. Grains that taste like toasted nuts—brown, thin-walled, delightful.

There was never a supper more inviting, more nourishing, more easy to digest.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c



Here are other ways of serving. Terrific heat has given these grains a very nut-like taste. So people use them, in place of nut-meats, in a variety of ways.

They mix them with berries. They use them in candy making, in frosting cake and as garnish for ice cream.

In the morning they serve them with sugar and cream, like any breakfast cereal.

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. They are puffed by steam explosions. Each separate food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

No other method ever invented fits grain for digestion like this. So these curious foods, which folks eat for the joy of them, are at the same time the best-cooked cereals that were ever made.

In these summer days enjoy them.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

The Borland Electric



5-Passenger
Coupe
\$2900

THIS roomy, comfortable Borland Coupe gives utmost satisfaction for general service. Whenever and wherever used—for business trip; social call; theatre party; shopping expedition or pleasure jaunt, it meets every need, perfectly, the year around.

Built durably along pleasing lines; maximum mileage at lowest operating cost ensured by accurately

balanced, easy running mechanism; spacious, with comfortable seats for five—all facing forward; simple, easy control from either front or rear seat; luxurious appointments; richly upholstered in tasteful, imported fabrics. A car you will be proud to own.

Horizontal control; six forward speeds and three reverse. Automatic cut-out disconnects power when emergency brake is applied. "Exide" batteries, standard equipment. \$2900.

The Borland Electric Roadster—a rakish, speedy, trim-looking, three-passenger car, with open body and wheel steer, is ideal for business or professional man. \$2550.

Send for the new BORLAND POSTER BOOK illustrating and describing the Borland Electric Models

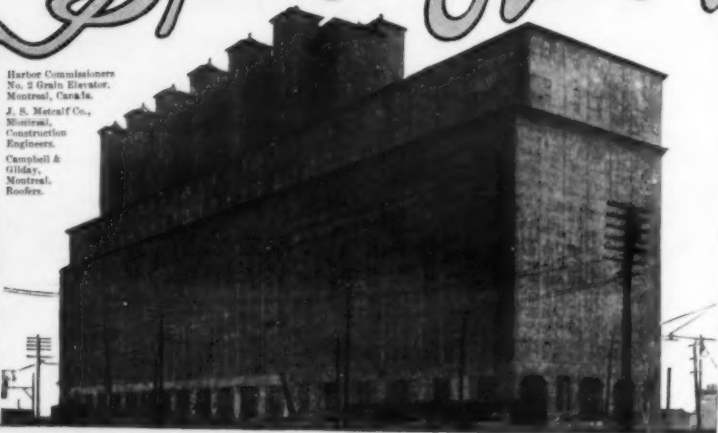
The Borland-Grannis Co.

320 East Huron Street

Chicago, Ill.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Barrett Consultants
No. 2 Grain Elevator,
Montreal, Canada.
J. S. Metcalf Co.,
Montreal,
Construction
Engineers.
Campbell &
Gibby,
Montreal,
Roofers.



On the World's Largest Concrete Grain Elevator

As we have frequently pointed out, most of the large commercial buildings of the day are covered with a Barrett Specification type of roof.

For example, here is the great new grain elevator at Montreal. It is said to be the largest in the world, with a capacity of 2,600,000 bushels. It carries a Barrett Specification Roof 55,000 square feet in area.

The engineers chose this type of roof because it is the lowest-priced and most reliable roofing known.

Barrett Specification Roofs require no repairs or attention of any kind, they invariably last twenty years or more, and are fire-retardant.

Architects, engineers and owners of permanent buildings of all kinds should have a copy of the Barrett Specification on file.

A request will bring it by return mail.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATTERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested.

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15th, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.



had exceptional opportunities to know the three States mentioned in the editorial. There, he believes, land is too expensive for the hired man to hope to acquire, but:

"I think your poor man has better chances right there in New York State. If he only grasps them, than he would find in the West; and if he waits too long (just a few years longer) he will see the Western man slip in ahead of him and gobble them up."

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

PERHAPS the best practical suggestion made by the writers is that the man who wants to try for independence by the farm-hand, tenant-farmer, and farm-owner route ought to make a little investigation of his own before buying a

ticket. Let him send letters to the proper officials of the States in which he thinks he would like to work. In Oklahoma there is a Board of Agriculture with an office at Guthrie, the capital; in Kansas F. D. Coburn, one of the most helpful State officials in this country, is Commissioner of Agriculture, and he's on the job at Topeka all the time; and by writing to the Commissioner of Public Lands at Lincoln, Neb., the ambitious man will certainly be given useful directions.

In all of his letters the inquirer should state his case frankly. If he will do this the officials will not ignore it—it will be passed on to the man who knows where farm labor is in demand and where the chance of graduating from farm hand to owner is best.

His Soul on a Screen

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

THAT mystic-mad journalist who dreams for the "Blare" set the discussion going with a yellow editorial on "Crocker and Reincarnation." The squib opened with some facts about Crocker that everybody knew: that he had attained the apparently incredible feat of writing a book described by a unanimous press as "the great American novel," that his country home on the Hudson was more magnificent than a steel king's, that he had refused to sell even the chips of his workshop—sketchy short stories—for less than five dollars a word. "Men have dreamed and scribbled and starved in attics for a century," the "Blare" related, "seeking that UNATTAINABLE, that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—the GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL." Then, from a little town out West, comes CROCKER. We had thought our country had no LITERARY TRADITION to build upon. Because

our nation was so young and its ideals so vague and changeable, critics declared that the 'Great American Novel' was in a class with the Secret of Perpetual Motion and the Fountain of Eternal Youth. CROCKER laughs at the scoffers. He lays in their hands a novel that is A SUN OF LIGHT upon the life of our United States. It is a work as great as the Frenchman's 'Comédie Humaine' or the Englishman's 'Hamlet' or the German's 'Faust.'

"HOW DID CROCKER ACCOMPLISH THIS?"

"It is not enough to tell the superficial facts of his life, as when and where he was born and where he went to school. We look up his ancestors and none of them are authors. We read his country's literature and find no models for him to pattern by."

"It all makes us wonder if CROCKER is not a REINCARNATED SPIRIT FROM THE PAST. . . . We have called him the 'American BALZAC,' and 'as great an interpreter of life as SHAKESPEARE,' or we have spoken of him in a breath with HOMER, VIRGIL, and GOETHE. Is he one of these in the life again?"

THE "Blare" is a yellow, lying, self-seeking, hypocritical newspaper if there ever was one, so the discussion of "Crocker and Reincarnation" would not have lasted long but for the fact that a news paragraph followed it. Under a Berlin date line it was recorded on the "Blare's" daily page of foreign news that a comparatively unknown investigator, working in seclusion in one of the suburbs of Berlin, had almost perfected an instrument that promised wonderful discoveries in the realm of the mystic. It was described as a "spirit prism."

A longer and more definite account appeared the next day. The chief features of the machine were enumerated as a powerful light, a great crystal ball and a "mirror screen" of the sort used in film shows. "After a subject gazes

at the ball a while, gripping it tight with both hands, a vague, flickering, black-and-white image appears on the screen—like a cinematograph picture badly out of focus." The inventor, a Professor Wundt, was described as "a scholar of seventy-five who has lived almost as secluded as a hermit for half a century." He had failed to get definite encouragement in the way of results, the dispatch said, until after eight hundred failures. In an interview he bemoaned that all his tests had been made on commonplace people whose spiritual radiance was so dim that the soul prism was almost useless.

THE "Blare's" mystic-mad editorial writer was not slow to point out that an ideal subject for one of Professor Wundt's experiments would be "America's great tale teller, Crocker."

And the next the public knew was that Professor Wundt had sailed for America in the employ of the "Blare."

Few were surprised at the developments of the next five days—that Crocker laughed at the suggestion of submitting to a soul examination when he was first approached, but later, to satisfy his own curiosity and everybody else's, sent word to the newspaper office that he would agree.

How the "Blare" then proceeded to live up to its name!

On the front page

it ran a picture gallery of the men Crocker measured up to in greatness. It spread whole pages of type with comparisons, physical and mental, between Crocker and Hugo, Crocker and Homer, Crocker and Dickens, Crocker and all the rest. It printed everybody's letters on the subject. When the German liner neared port, little messages from Professor Wundt were set in billboard type on page one.

An "extra" was run off when the professor flashed the news that he would return to Germany by the first boat, with a stay in America of only twenty-four hours. He pleaded to be allowed to make the experiment in a small hall before none but newspaper men and scientists, and requested that throughout his stay he be kept in as much seclusion as possible.

One of the city's smallest theatres, with seats for barely three hundred persons, was filled that night with guests of the "Blare." A convention of sewing circles could not have made more of a buzz. The scientists argued theory; the newspaper men praised and damned the cleverness of the press-agent work that the "Blare" had done in keeping public interest at high pitch.

There is a sort of mob excitement that seizes, at times, even the judicial man of science and the blasé reporter. In spite of its better judgment, the audience found itself gossiping of what the image on the screen would be if the invention proved all that Professor Wundt claimed. The editorial writer of the "Blare" was right, some of the reporters said, when he argued that



America had no literary tradition to build upon, no literary models to pattern after, and that the only way to explain Crocker was by calling him the reincarnation of some other great spirit—perhaps of Hugo, Dickens, Balzac, or Shakespeare.

A YOUNG man in an evening suit parted the red plush curtains and held up one hand for silence. The roar subsided to a buzz. The young man concluded a useless speech by parting the curtains again and introducing Professor Wundt. There was a round of cautious applause. The professor, who might have passed for a stage representation of William Cullen Bryant, bowed, and, dispensing with speech making, gestured to another figure to emerge from the shelter of the curtains. Then entered Crocker, a rather pompous, middle-aged man with a tricolored ribbon across his shirt bosom. For him the applause was thunderous and he had to bow several times and gesture for quiet before the audience would subside.

In a moment after that, Professor Wundt became all animation. He snapped his fingers and the curtains drew back and were raised. In the center of the stage was a mass of wires, an electrical switch, a great crystal ball, and a chair. At the rear of the stage was a mirror screen. The old man bowed to Crocker and with elaborate politeness led him to the chair. A second time the professor snapped his fingers. The theatre's lights began to dim at his signal and the crystal globe grew more dazzlingly bright. Half a minute later the audience was in blackness; and on the stage no one was visible but the novelist, one hand in fuky silhouette against the globe and a shimmering opal light playing on his features. Gradually, even this light dimmed, faded, and died.

The hum of excited voices was rising, but a faint new light in the globe brought tense silence again. Only the silhouetted hand and sleeve showed at first; then some high lights on the man's chin, nose, cheeks, and forehead. His body was invisible.

A cracked, husky voice, with a slight suggestion of German accent announced: "The globe, gentlemen, it glows now with the radiance of a human soul! You shall see soon, gentlemen!" (The voice rose shrill with emotion, and broke.) "You shall see soon, upon the screen! You shall see how a great man accomplished the impossible!"



A dim spot of light spread from a center and, as it brightened, began to flicker. When it had become a white disc perhaps twenty feet in diameter, a suggestion of black masses began to confuse the eye. They were like the first blacks that appear in a photograph that is rocked in a pan of developing fluid.

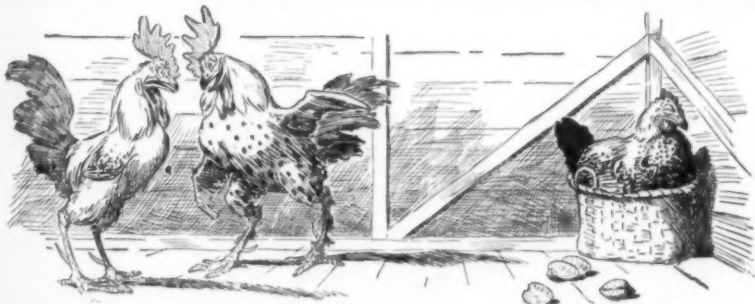
"On the screen, gentlemen, a human soul," the cracked voice quavered. "On the screen you shall see how one of the common people becomes one of the exalted great. As a prism breaks up the rays of the sun, the crystal will explain the radiance of a spirit."

Flickering on the screen, just as the dispatches had related, a sort of badly-out-of-focus moving picture was appearing. Would it be more than this under the radiance of so great a soul as Crocker's? It grew clearer, blacker. Some one cheered.

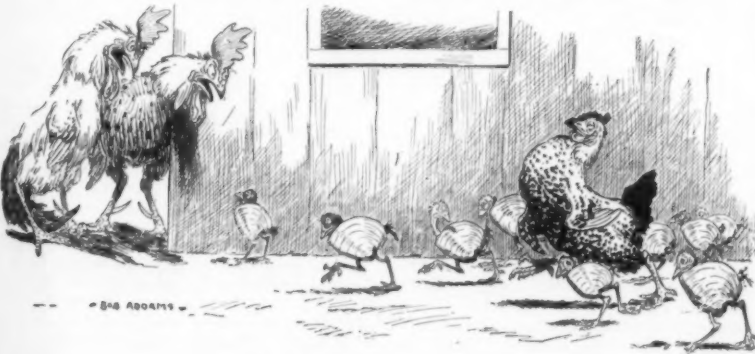
It was almost definite. The audience could make out on the screen a group of dim figures around a clearer figure who gestured. Suddenly the whole picture flashed up bright and definite—a most photographic in detail. The central figure was an old man on a cracker box in a country store. As he gestured and moved his lips, the others about him laughed and slapped their knees in delight. The old man waved the stem of his corn-cob pipe and for punctuation spat in a sand box that supported the legs of a cannon-ball stove. . . . The picture dimmed and faded away and another succeeded it—a plain old woman in a calico dress sitting in a rocking-chair beside a hearth. She, too, was talking, but her audience was only a big-eyed child in white pajamas, listening to a bedtime fairy tale.

THE old professor's voice screamed in a triumphant crescendo: "Exult with me! I have explained the Great American Novelist!"

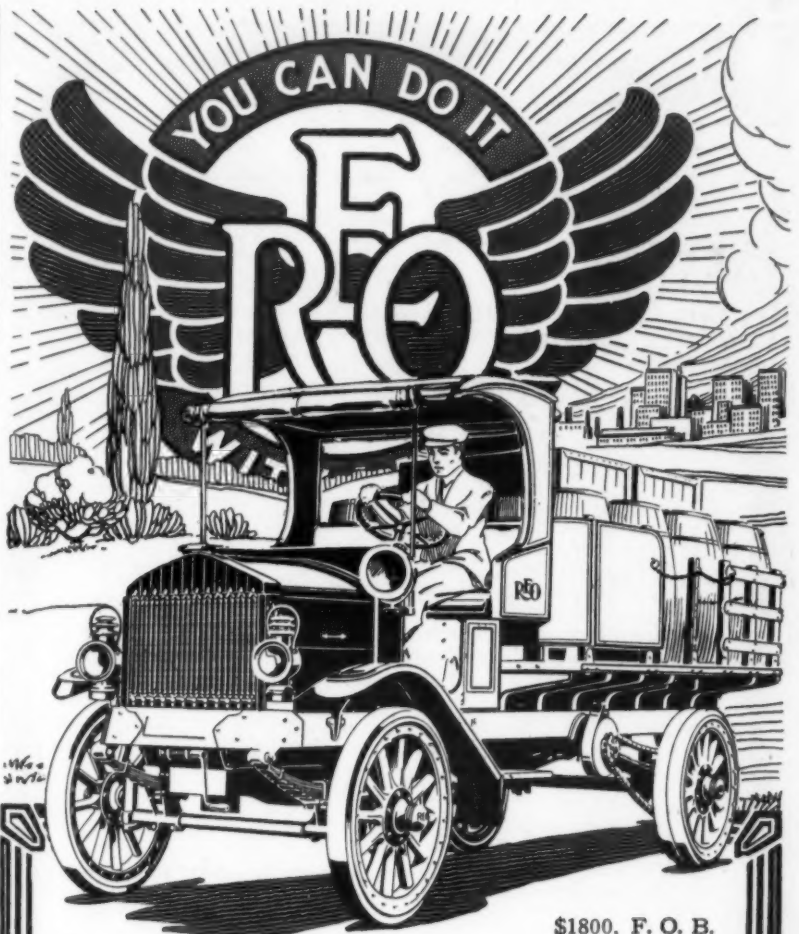
Professor Wundt was gone again next morning and lost to sight next week, his spirit prism with him. Many doubters there are who declare that the whole affair was a hoax of the "Blare's" chief editorial writer; that the professor was a journalist with a false beard and the spirit prism "demonstration" nothing more than an elaborated moving picture show. But it seems possible that one might doubt the sincerity of the "Blare" and its methods without doubting the veracity of its explanation of Crocker.



"Say, Bill! That poor old nearsighted hen has been sitting on those clams for three weeks—thinks they're eggs—honest!"



"Little necks, by gosh!!!"



Reo Model J
Capacity 2 Tons

\$1800, F. O. B.
Lansing

The Dawn of a Better Business Day

Modern business gets its profits out of what it saves. Even small economies amount to big annual dividends. If we can show you how to cut delivery costs with the Reo Motor Truck, we have shown you how to increase your profits.

Every Reo Truck is a Money Maker for Its Owner

We will not willingly sell a Reo Truck to any man unless we are reasonably sure it will make money for him. When conditions are right for the use of a motor truck, we know that the Reo Truck will meet those conditions as no other truck of equal capacity can.

Reo efficiency is tried, tested, and proven. Read, for example, the following record of a single day's performance of a Reo Model J two-ton Truck owned by the Schramm Grocery Co., Flat River, Mo.

"Five round trips in one day to four outlying towns, average load 4,096 lbs. Total mileage 62. Gasoline consumed, 8 gallons. On these roads twenty miles with a two-ton load would be a long day's work for a team of horses."

8 gals. gasoline at 20c.....	\$1.60
Tire Cost, 60 mil. at 2c.....	1.20
Driver's wages, one day.....	2.50
Depreciation at \$650 per year.....	2.00
Repairs and overhauling at \$150 yr.....	.50
Interest on Investment.....	.35
Fire Insurance.....	.15
Oil and grease.....	.40
Total daily expense.....	\$8.70

Thus this truck did the work of three teams, which with wagons and harness would cost \$2,100. The daily cost was only \$8.70, while three teams would cost for drivers alone \$7.50.

A Simple Way to Judge Truck Values

Perhaps you are sufficiently versed in technical values to judge of the unusual importance of the many exclusive features that Reo experience and organization have enabled us to put into this wonderful truck.

The impregnable armored frame, the Reo sectional radiator, with its 24 independent, interchangeable units, the left-side drive and center control, the Reo hydraulic speed governor, the famous Reo motor cushioned against vibration and road shocks, to mention but a few points of obvious superiority.

But if you are not technically versed in motor car construction, here is a simple statement of business fact:

The average price of 54 competing trucks is \$2,701, a clear saving of nearly \$1,000 in favor of the Reo. What does our competitor offer you that is worth that extra \$1,000?

Get Real Facts About Motor Trucks for Your Business

As a business man, you want more facts on this important subject. We have them ready for you. The day you investigate the Reo Motor Truck will mean the dawn of a better business day for you.

We have 1100 dealers located in the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada. If you do not find one of our dealers near you, write us, and we will give you not only complete information about Reo Motor Trucks, but any general information on this important problem of hauling that our wide experience has given us, and that will prove helpful to you.

REO MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

1909 South Washington Ave.

Lansing, Michigan



The Time For Texaco

During a long tour you test the qualities of your car and its motor at every point. On such an occasion Texaco Motor Oil shows to the best advantage. Its use insures perfect lubrication and enables your motor to deliver maximum power with minimum consumption of gas and oil.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

has been put to severe and lengthy competitive tests by some of the largest manufacturers of pleasure cars and trucks. Every manufacturer that has so tested it has adopted it for his own use and has recommended it to the purchasers of his cars.

These tests have shown a saving of from 15% to 31% in consumption of gasoline and 18% and 33% in consumption of oil. These figures are due to the high quality of the oil. Texaco Motor Oil will not deposit a hard carbon crust. It will not congeal at a temperature of zero. It gives perfect lubrication at all times and in any type of motor.

When touring look for the Texaco garage sign. Buy your oil and supplies where you see it. Texaco Motor Oil is sold in most good garages and supply shops in 1 and 5 gallon cans. For instructive booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," Address Dept. E, 2 West Street, New York City.

When Touring, Look for This Sign



THE TEXAS COMPANY
HOUSTON NEW YORK

Branch Offices:
Boston St. Louis New Orleans Pueblo
Philadelphia Norfolk Dallas Tulsa
Chicago Atlanta El Paso




Marlin

12 gauge Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

THE handsomest and best designed pump gun in the world! Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech (inside as well as out). Solid Top—a thick steel wall of protection between your head and the cartridge; keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. Side Ejection—away from your face and eyes. Matted Barrel—A great convenience in quick sighting. Press Button Cartridge Release—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action. Double Extractors—they pull any shell. Take Down Feature—for convenient carrying and cleaning. Trigger and Hammer Safety—a double guard against accidental firing. The Solid Steel Breech (not a shell of wood) shows the superior design. The receiver is absolutely solid steel at the rear as well as on top.

The Marlin is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.

Ask your dealer—or send us three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
17 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

LEWY BROS. CO. **12 Per Cent YEARLY INCREASE IN VALUE GUARANTEED!**

Diamonds have increased in value 12% a year for over 20 years. This increase LEWY BROS. CO. guarantee to you; and allow you 12% per year—15% a month—**MORE THAN YOU PAID** in exchange AT ANY TIME! This written guarantee contract certifies the carat weight, color and PERFECTION of every diamond. Protect yourself with our guarantee!

LEWY BROS. CO. founded in 1835; occupy one of the five prominent State Street corners in Chicago; bank with and refer to the Corn Exchange National Bank, one of the leading banks of America, Capital \$5,000,000.00.

LEWY BROS. CO. own and operate the most completely equipped factory in the country, for the production of fine mountings in gold and platinum. Lewy Bros. Co. designs are world-famous for artistic beauty and style correctness.

DIAMOND IMPORTERS Dept. B21, State and Adams Sts., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

VIOLET-BLUE Diamond Solitaire
Full \$75 size and value. Imported direct from the Cutters to you! Rich violet-blue WHITE color. PERFECT, of supreme brilliancy. Mounting in 18K solid pure gold, platinum setting. \$2 per cent per year or 1 per cent per month increase in value guaranteed in exchange at our store due \$48.50 allowed in 1 year; \$72.50 allowed in 5 years, etc. Shipped C. O. D. on approval, without deposit or obligation. **\$48.50**

We invite you to examine our Diamonds at our expense and risk without obligating you to buy! We ship C. O. D. on approval to any express office or bank in your city.

Write for LEWY BROS. CO. Diamond Book FREE! Contains thousands of exquisite designs—the latest fashions in diamond jewelry. Complete information about fine diamonds. Send for this free book if only to post yourself about Diamond Values! Write today!

Some Collier Fiction

SHREVEPORT, LA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

A CAREFUL and analytical perusal of the story entitled "A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet," in your issue of July 19, has served to inspire me and to revivify within my breast old ambitions which I thought had long since been smothered to death under the mass of editorial We-beg-to-Returns launched upon them. Eureka! I have found the recipe for concocting the dish to please the editorial palate. Just take some sheets of copy paper and scatter across them, at irregular but not too infrequent intervals, some several hundred "sirs," and then fill in the blank spaces with such other words as may occur to you, trying, of course, to work some kind of incident into it—even if you are obliged to lift it bodily from the "human interest" columns of the daily press, as in the Burglar-and-Sick-Baby episode in the story referred to.

Now, by a fair and impartial (Burrroughs's adding machine) count, this story of approximately 6,000 words contains 352 "sirs"—in other words, practically 6 per cent of its total verbiage consists of this deferential form of address. I believe, Mr. Editor, that this can be improved on, and I hereby offer to write you a story on any subject, and of any length, that may be specified by you (or same to be left at my own option), with the express stipulation that not less than 10 per cent of its gross verbiage shall consist of the second person, feminine form, "ma'am" or "miss." I suggest the latter innovation both for the sake of originality and of its probable appeal to suffragette subscribers.

I believe I could also make some improvement in the matter of a title. For instance, the caption "The Sir-cumulation of Mr. Opt" would have been more appropriate for the story in question.

Let me hear from you. W. E. NESOM.

WINONA, MINN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet" is the best story I have read for a long time, and convinces me that COLLIER'S really knows a good story when it sees one, regardless of the author's name.

L. L. BEARSCOPE.

The story ["A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet"] shows a keen insight into the life of boarding-house inmates, and though tinged with the vernacular of a character just removed from the street gamin, yet it is intensely human. The characters are not merely word labeled, but live throughout the pages, as though real personages.

The story in COLLIER'S is of a burglar, and is more interesting than "Ferguson's Adventures."

—Atlantic City (N. J.) Union.

The issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY for July 5 contains a good story by Herbert Coolidge. . . . It is called "The Lady's Man at the Show-Down," and tells the exciting experiences of an Eastern college man in dealing with the drunken marshal of a little town in Arizona or New Mexico. It is a very clever piece of work, and is made the leading fiction feature of this issue of COLLIER'S.

—Riverside (Cal.) Press.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I recently read with great interest and appreciation the outspoken story, entitled "In the House of the Living Death." To my mind the writer treated a tabooed part of life with the utmost delicacy and good sense. The theme runs constantly through the story and comes to a climax with dramatic startlingness. I see you have another fine little character study in this week's COLLIER'S by the same author. I hope you have many more in reserve.

CHAS. M. STILES, M. D.

FLORENCE, S. C.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Here is a happening for you. I don't read newspapers and rarely look into weeklies, but I am so weak on fiction published in other forms I read everything from the "Atlantic" down to Laura

Jean Libbey. In short, I am an omnivorous story reader. So much for the introduction.

The rest concerns the accidental reading of a little tale in your issue of the 28th—"In the House of the Living Death."

I came across it at a friend's home, and while waiting for him to shave, so to speak, read it word for word.

Well, I can't tell you about the chokes I had, how I was charmed. Suffice it that I was bowled over, and think such a tale a good lesson to men. It is a simple and thoroughly artistic feat, right from beginning to end; sentimental, if you wish, but, by gum, give me sentiment. Give me real life, too. I am taking three numbers of that book back to the woods, and if you don't get a few more subscribers because of it, it won't be my fault.

"The Black Knobbers' Poet" also seemed delightful, more sophisticated maybe, but no more delicious to me.

For Heaven's sake, keep it up. Give us the real thing—Life and Death and Romance. Give us good writing, and don't think we can't understand it.

C. HERIOT.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Many of the new stories are well above the average, but this week you have found at last the new thing under the sun—a new story and a new way of telling it. When a blasé reader reads a story three times, and then returns once more to find new subtleties in a fourth reading, it must be "some story."

C. Hilton-Turvey—a master artist—has achieved the impossible in "In the House of the Living Death." The subject has been tabooed in American literature, and yet it must be a mine of human or perhaps subhuman interest. French writers have a different half-world to describe, and they have painted it in many lights; but here we translate "demimonde"—"underworld"—and no one dared to look upon this half hell until Hilton-Turvey, with skill equal to that of De Maupassant, made us see the man-made inferno through the innocent eyes of a little child. Surely this story will be—one of the little classics of literature. COLLIER'S is to be congratulated upon the discovery of a new and fine genius.

C. O'CONNELL WALSH.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Just a word in praise of that sermon of yours, "In the House of the Living Death." It will do a lot of good—conveys a high moral lesson without a word of preaching. A wonderful piece of work.

R. S. TURNER.

PRIMOS, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I want to congratulate you on having secured a contributor to your excellent magazine who writes stories like "In the House of the Living Death." Quite remarkable and capable of doing more good work than many crusades.

M. KNEER.

MANATI, PORTO RICO.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Just a line to congratulate you on the acquisition of the new writer, C. Hilton-Turvey. The story in the June 28 COLLIER'S, "In the House of the Living Death," is one of the very strongest things I have seen for a long time. The story stays with me and will not get down. This, I take it, is a test of power.

Hoping that we shall see many more from the same pen, I am, C. W. STILES.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"In the House of the Living Death," published in your June 28 issue, is a bit of realism that most periodicals would hesitate to publish. Conventional prudes do not make up the bulk of the reading public to-day, however, and it is more honor to you that you have been in the forefront of the movement to discuss such live issues fearlessly and so reduce the number of those who are content to cover up a "sore" instead of attempting to cure it. The story is beautifully written. Let us have more of this kind of stories and let us hear again from C. Hilton-Turvey.

B. FRANK WALTERS.

The Noiseless Suffragette

(Continued from page 6)

every man, every newspaper, and every political supporter of the doubtful ones at Springfield was besought to get into the fight. Many of them did. The fire from home on wavering members became tremendous and constant. And still the enemy did not wake up. For there were only three lone women on the job—atoms in a maelstrom of lobbyists—and who was afraid of three women?

WILL HE—CAN HE—KEEP HIS WORD?

ONE by one the doubtful ones were pledged, not to vote for suffrage but to vote against amendments on second reading. "Give us fair play," was the plea. It worked. Lee O'Neill Browne, the bitter enemy of suffrage in the House, and the man whose vitriolic and scathing speeches are the most feared, conceded this much to his old schoolmate and boyhood friend, Mrs. Funk. He would sit silent on second reading. At the agreed time the bill came up. Over ninety members voted against the amendment, and the bill went to the third reading intact by an impressive majority.

It was a stunning surprise to the slumbering opponents. They still did not believe that seventy-seven men would vote for it on third reading—they had seen suffrage bills get to third reading too often for that—but they had miscalculated the vote and they were nervous. Within a day the tremendous machinery of the united societies swung into opposition and the real fight was on.

By this time the suffrage lobby had sent for one more general—Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago. And Mrs. McCormick went painstakingly to work on the men who had successfully resisted the other three. It was a deadly system. Each woman had her own line of attack. The fourth degree proved too much for several of the members. They succumbed, and their cards were taken from the doubtful list and added to the pledges.

There were now enough votes pledged to pass the bill. But the work had just begun. The cards were gone over again with the utmost care, and the four women put every name under the acid test of doubt. "Will he keep his word?" "Can he keep his word?" "Can the other side get him?" "Can he stand up against the pressure?" The doubtful ones were separated again and to their home districts went telegrams. The "pressure" must be neutralized by pressure from the other side. In the end something over eighty certain pledges were segregated. They were divided into groups of ten, and trusted members were asked to act as "captains." In reality they were shepherds. Their duty was to watch these men, to insure their attendance, and to keep them from becoming confused and voting the wrong way in the parliamentary roll calls which were certain to occur. And from the moment the bill went to third reading a watch was set which never ceased.

From the galleries, seat plats in hand, two of the four women checked every friendly vote in and out of the House. Absentees were located. No friend got away from the Capitol without a definite statement as to his destination and his time of return. With the assistance of the captains it was possible at any time to get a majority into the House within half an hour to head off any attempt to pull the bill back to second reading or to call it up when the attendance was thin.

In their eagerness at this point a queer catastrophe happened. The House elevator went insane one afternoon, and after shooting to the roof of the Capitol fell with a crash. It was crowded, and as it shot by the House floor, one of the women saw inside a House member whom she had won over previously after talking scientific potato raising to him for two hours. "Oh-oh, there goes a vote!" she cried in the general din. It was too good to keep. The story got around and that member didn't vote for suffrage.

DESPERATE REMEDIES

ALL this time the strength of the suffrage vote was a mystery except to the four women and three men, one in the Senate, two in the House. Those who pledged were asked in addition to keep the fact a secret. Every attempt on the part of the opposition to take a poll of the House was met with a

counterpoll in which members were urged not to tell how they stood. "We have enough," was the smiling information which met all inquiries from enemies or friends. It was a deadly reiteration and the more disgusting to the worried enemy because not over forty of the "enough" could be located and they were rock firm for suffrage. The enemy didn't know whom to work on and wasted much time trying to find out. Many unsuspected friends of suffrage were entirely overlooked by the opposition.

Even a majority is a poor and feeble thing in a legislative body, however. Many a good law has died year after year in many a Legislature and in many a Congress while a majority stood ready, but not overanxious, to vote for it. When the suffrage bill came to a vote on June 3, in the House at Springfield, the women had a majority, but that was all they had. What they needed seemed to be blasting powder. The bill was firmly fixed in the middle of the calendar, and there appeared to be no way to dislodge it. An attempt to call it up was met with the objection that a two-thirds vote of the House would be required to get the bill up out of its order. That meant 102 votes—an impossible number. And postponement at that late date meant certain defeat.

Things looked desperate for a minute until some member recalled the fact that a new rule had been adopted at the beginning of the session. It was a Progressive rule, and the Progressive delegation had kicked and fought for it and had made themselves very disagreeable in their insistence for it. It provided that the House might proceed by a majority vote to any order of business and in that order of business to any bill in that order. In other words, it gave a majority in the House the right to run the House. There was some little pother about this in Congress once just before Uncle Joe Cannon and his satellites started on their long, swift slide to oblivion, and the rule at Springfield had been adopted for the same reason that the rules at Washington were changed—to prevent the minority from ruling with the aid of a stuffed and undigested calendar.

THE NEW TACTICS

THIS new rule had not been invoked during the year, but its mission was to give the women of Illinois the ballot. Amid the frantic objections of the opposition, Edward Shurtleff, twice Speaker and the ablest parliamentarian in the House, rose, when asked for his opinion, and stated that the rule was clear. It would take two roll calls to get the bill up, but these roll calls could not be prevented.

As a matter of fact, because of substitute motions, it took three roll calls, and it was 2.30 in the afternoon, with lunch time far in the rear and a famished House facing two hours of oratory, before the crucial roll call was begun.

In the meantime three of the four women lobbyists sat in the gallery, while the fourth sat outside the door. No one could be more quiet and helpless than those women were. While opposing lobbyists swarmed like hornets on the floor, the four seemed to have nothing to do—save that when in the confusing parliamentary votes some friend passed his vote or voted wrong, a note would flutter down to the door and a member below would pick it up casually. In five seconds another member would be at the side of the wabbling one and later the vote would be changed. And for four hours no friendly member left the House without telling the lynx-eyed Mrs. Trout at the door just where he was going, how soon he would return, and how he might be reached.

They say that not since the election of Lorimer to the United States Senate has there been so tense and exciting a battle. Famished and overwrought, now fully alive to the fact that the most revolutionary bill in the history of the Legislature was being voted upon, the members sat with jangling nerves while man after man, as his name was called, got up and fought out his position in shrieking oratory. As the roll crept slowly down to the end of the list it seemed evident to the members checking



Thin Waltham Watches

The making of thin watches which shall also be reliable is fraught with many fine technical difficulties.

That we offer a thin watch at all announces that we have conquered these difficulties, for never does a Waltham watch go out without possessing as its main glory instrumental precision.

The "Colonial A" watch shown here is beautiful to the eye, imperceptible in the pocket and a true Waltham in accuracy.

Perhaps you would like our booklet on thin watches. We would like you to have it. It is free on request.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

Before buying any watch be sure to ask your jeweler about our "Riverside" models. The Riverside booklet is interesting and free. Write us for it.

The family in a group photograph—before they have left the old fireside and gone out into the big world—Ever think of it?

Nothing preserves the home atmosphere and home memories like a group picture—with father and mother in the center.

And, when the family is scattered how glad you will be that you had it done in time.

Photography almost puts this obligation on us. Make the appointment to-day.



There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



A picture like this is worth a dozen stiff-posed "likenesses." Imprint your little folks as you love them best—in moments of play, in tears, in mischief—when they are not self-conscious. Of course, you'll take the pictures yourself! They'll be all the more precious to you. And, of course, you will use the amateur camera of professional quality—

The superb ANSCO

—loaded with Ansco color-value Film, the film developed with Ansco Chemicals, and prints made on prize-winning Cyko Paper.

\$2 to \$55 will buy a good Ansco. Write for catalogue No. 25 and booklet, "How to Make Enjoyment Last Forever."

ANSKO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.
Pioneers in camera making. Manufacturers of photographic supplies for more than 60 years.

The camera shown above is No. 1A Folding Pocket Ansco, one of a line of aluminum round-cornered cameras, fitted with the plano-convex lens that changes automatically the range of view to correspond to the range of the picture to be taken. It takes pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price \$17.50.



SCHOOL FOR NURSES

The Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago
Affiliated with Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago. Registered by State of Illinois. Three year course prepares for Responsible positions. Eight hour day. Preparatory Dept. Theoretical and Practical instruction. Modern Home just completed. For information address Principal, M. HELENA McMILLAN, Box 52, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago.

Winona College of Agriculture

LEARN SCIENTIFIC FARMING. Two years ALL AGRICULTURE COURSE, prepares for all phases of farming. 12th ANNUAL SESSION BEGINS SEPT. 16. Experience on College Farm. Increasing demand for teachers of agriculture. Comfortable living facilities. Athletics. Expenses reasonable. For catalog address J. C. Breckenridge, D.D., Pres., Box E, Winona Lake, Ind., or REGISTRAR, 501 Wiloughby Bldg., 81 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Advertising and Selling Ideas

BE a Commercial Artist. We teach you by correspondence, giving all our students personal instruction and criticism. Our new course offers you the chance of putting your artistic talents to commercial use. Advertising illustration—lettering—designing of covers, posters, trademarks and other practical forms of pictorial advertising with methods of reproduction are included in these lessons. If you will send us a sample of your work enclosing postage for return, you will receive our advice as to your abilities. Good advertising artists are well paid.

Academy of Advertising Art, 1100 AUDITORIUM TOWER Chicago, Illinois

up that there weren't enough votes to carry the bill. In despair several members rushed out to Mrs. Trout and told her the bill was lost. She cried. Women are always doing foolish things. So are men. For some of the men cried too.

HOW AND WHY THE BILL WAS PASSED

AS the last name was called, and Zolla, a twenty-five-year-old Jewish Progressive from Chicago, voted "Aye," many members looked up with pity and despair at the three women in the gallery. Zolla's vote made seventy-five—two short. Mrs. Booth was smiling placidly. For a little woman she could take defeat with uncanny pluck. Then the surprises began. The Speaker's name was called. Speaker McKinley is a young man, as yet unmarried. But they say, and no one has denied it, that the reason why his engagement was not announced until a day or two after the passage of the suffrage bill was because a certain Chicago young woman had told him that she would announce it when the suffrage bill passed. Anyway the Speaker voted "Aye," and the opposition reeled with surprise. Then Barker, another young man who had been wavering between his sympathy for the plucky woman lobbyists and his desire to continue a political career in a hostile district, voted "Aye," having passed his vote before. And with the seventy-seventh vote the barbarically decorated ceiling of the House of Representatives tilted slowly up and down under the cheers. The bill had passed.

As the absentees were called, six more votes came in. And when the members swarmed around Mrs. Booth to chide her for her coolness, she only smiled again. She had eighty-three votes on her list. She knew they would vote "Aye." And in addition she had two emergency votes—men who would change their votes to make the seventy-sixth and seventy-seventh votes, if necessary. There was nothing to worry over. Hadn't she kept a card catalogue?

With great modesty the four women have published statements giving the credit of the victory to the various Representatives and Senators who aided them—to Senator Magill, who did the hard work in the Senate, and to Senator Juhl, who became converted at a dramatic moment and voted for the bill; to Representative Scott, who fathered the bill in the House; to Representative Shurtleff, who, after having killed two suffrage bills in previous sessions over which he presided, got up when the vote was taken last June and announced his conversion in no uncertain tones; to the Speaker, who stood out against great pressure and gave the bill a fair deal; to the Progressives, who voted solidly for suffrage; and to others. But the legislators who were still talking the battle over when the session closed didn't waste much time over their own part in the fight.

They had seen what to them was almost inexplicable—the passage of a revolutionary bill through a supposedly hostile Legislature, without noise, without influence, without popular clamor, and, above all, with nothing in the way of reward for support except the certainty of hostility from powerful interests at home.

How did the women do it? Perhaps the most general answer of the legislators to their own question is the belief that they did it through the greatest appeal which woman can make to man—the need of help. A lobby of a thousand excited women doesn't need help. Some legislators have been rude enough to say that it needs strait-jackets. But, the four quiet women, saying little, working day after day against what seemed to be hopeless odds, won many votes from the sheer innate chivalry which still causes man to help woman. "It wasn't a lobby at all," said one Representative; "it was an exhibit. An exhibit of the way women can be politicians and women at the same time. That lobby by its mere presence smashed one of the biggest arguments against votes for women—that political work will coarsen them."

PSYCHOLOGY AND FAIR PLAY

THIS feeling of sympathy and friendliness won some votes and took the sting out of some opposition. It caused men who voted against the bill to help the women in many ways before the final ballot. The lobby kept down opposition because of its lack of aggressiveness. It takes a very bitter man indeed to rise up on his hind legs and fight tooth and

nail against a few quiet women who decline to fight back and who will not even argue their case.

The women themselves had many interesting things to say about their work when it was all over. Mrs. Booth, who emerged from her old blue hat and plain dress after the vote and played croquet for relaxation in becoming summer gowns, says that psychology and fair play helped them the most. They used the psychology and depended on the men for the fair play. For the first three months they scarcely talked suffrage with the members. At no time did they talk at any length on any subject. They did not attempt to remake any minds. Now and then they could give a suggestion to a man who was painfully hunting for a reason which might convert him. Often they could give a suggestion to a member which could help that member in converting another. Appealing to their enemies for help, not for votes, they found most effective. All of their personal work was done in the Capitol—most of it before the floor of the House of Representatives. Sleepless nights over the card catalogues, typewriters, and telegraph blanks told the rest of the story. "And of all our pledges in House and Senate only two went back on us," said Mrs. Booth, "and one of these warned us in advance."

So much for the way in which the men responded to the "fair play" suggestion.

A SAMPLE OF NONMILITANT GENERALSHIP

THE women didn't waste any time on hopeless votes. They determined as early as possible the men whom they could not possibly get and let them alone. That saved time and it saved information from the enemy. And they did not waste time on their devoted friends. These also were let alone as much as possible except where they could help. For almost every doubtful vote they found a friend in the Legislature who stood close to the man. From him they learned the real objection and often through him they supplied the clinching argument. If there were powerful objectors in his district, more powerful supporters were found. If the member had been receiving protests by mail he soon received twice the number of petitions. One man who had intended to vote for suffrage, but was troubled with doubts, was surprised to receive hundreds of letters from his district urging him to support the bill. He doesn't know yet why he received them but his seat mate on his left does. He had heard the other member express some doubt as to the wisdom of a woman's general ballot and had reported it to the lobby.

"Illinois women had tried all the old methods," said Mrs. Funk after the vote. "These methods had failed and the Illinois women simply tried a new plan. We tried to answer the cardinal objections by our work. We answered the claim that politics makes woman unwomanly by making a quiet, pleasant campaign. We tried to prove that women would not argue by personality and hysteria or by using cold, impersonal statements of fact; and we, the women of Illinois, admitted that woman's place is in the home by staying there and getting results with a committee of four."

"I think the English suffragette campaign helped get us the vote," continued Mrs. Funk, "by the contrast which we furnished. While Englishwomen were blowing up country homes and abbeys we weren't even making speeches. And we took every occasion to remind the legislators that the reason why we could work as we did was because we were dealing with reasonable American men."

"I believe," said Mrs. Booth, after the vote, "that the women in any State in the country can obtain the ballot by the methods which we used."

"WE'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD"

THE suffrage bill which passed the Legislature grants women the right to vote for statutory offices—i. e., those not created or specified in the Constitution of the State. These statutory offices include Presidential electors, city officials, and some county officials. The victory is incomplete because a constitutional amendment must be carried before Illinois women can vote for Governor. But, as it is, the bill adds about 1,500,000 votes to Illinois's voice on President and gives the women of the State the opportunity to clean up about their homes—in the city governments. And with this lever at their disposal it is a stout-

hearted legislator who will decline to vote for the submission of a constitutional amendment in the near future.

When the Legislature adjourned the four women were still in Springfield, waiting for the Governor to sign the bill. Scores of members bade them good-by in the lobby of the Leland Hotel. They had been suddenly transformed from the quiet, apparently helpless woman lobbyists into the representatives of 1,300,000 votes, and as such were approached with the profoundest respect. With reprehensible frivolity they were eating chocolates from a large box when last I saw them, and they declined to be

austere. In fact they were more humble and worried than they were when the vote was in the balance.

"It's a tremendous responsibility," said Mrs. Funk nervously. "We women have the ballot now. We've got to use it. And we've got to make good. I don't know how we are going to do it. I never felt so ignorant and helpless in my life. My, but we will have to work and study!"

Which is doubtless true. But perhaps in their very ignorance the women of Illinois will use what their lobbyists did—psychology and bookkeeping. And if they do, there are stormy times ahead for the politicians.

The Stationary Baby

(Concluded from page 17)

"It's Vickie," she said, scartlike, "my darlin' little Vickie; I must go to her ef you'll excuse me."

"I'll go get her, ma," Miss Mullins's daughter says, jumpin' up, and she brought down the baby an' got its bottle, an' some one stopped the talkin' machine.

"It did look awful cute, like a rich baby, sittin' on the old lady's lap in a soft nighty with feather stitchin' all around it in pink silk, an' the kitten run to it, an' the puppy raced pell-mell to try an' git into Grandma Mullins's lap too—he was kind o' jealous—an' she stood up and held the baby high up in the air, over her head, an' it jest roared—the puppy scarted it. The old lady grew so pale I was feared o' her heart."

"The dog'll bite the baby," she screamed. "I can't hev him nohow; the cat'll scratch her blessed baby fingers; the canary bird'll wake her up; oh, whatever shall I do?"

"Hush, ma," her daughter says in a loud whisper, "you'll make the neighbors feel bad." Then she raised her voice an' looked at us, knowin'like. "An' anyway,

you know," she says, "they would hurt the baby an' it wouldn't be safe to keep it, an', besides, it's Liz Whalan's baby, an' you've got to giv it up now you've got the chickens an' the puppy an' the kitten, an' with that she jest grabs that baby an' goes out o' the room with it."

"Grandma Mullins sat down in a rockin'-chair an' began to cry, quietlike, an' we all sensed she saw us folks was all agin her. Jim Whalan was a-waitin' out by the front door, an' he jest put a shawl about the baby an' run."

"Then we all tried to talk some more, but Grandma Mullins wouldn't say nothin', but she did pet the kitten some, an' then we come home. It all worked lovely."

"Um-m, but, ma," urged Mary Eliza, laying down her spoon in rapturous satisfaction, "what'll Grandma Mullins ever do with all them animals?"

MRS. JONES sighed contentedly. "I don't know, child, that ain't the point, be it? Liz Whalan's got her baby without the perlice, an' I hope she don't ever break her other leg."

Gift of God



Drawing by Charles R. Harley

Dear is the brook that laughs where lilies nod;
But—bless the gutter-flow that down the street
Brings plashy coolness, washing little feet
Where, truly, Water is the Gift of God!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO:—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue, disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

COLLIER'S Washington Bureau will furnish to Collier readers a wealth of information on any subject for which Washington is headquarters.

This service is of inestimable value to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; to lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, to business and professional men in all walks of life.

Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

901-902 Munsey Building

Washington, D. C.

Thin Model
17-Jewel
Movement

25-Year
Guaranteed
Gold-Strata Case



Send for This Watch On 7 Days' Free Trial

To Collier's Weekly readers who mail coupon below at once we will send this beautiful "Thin Model" 25-year guaranteed gold-strata watch on 7 days approval without one cent in advance—but YOU MUST BE QUICK.

This superb Watch is indeed a triumph in the art of watch-making. The photograph above shows the actual size of the Watch. The movement is the famous Guaranteed 17-Jewel Illinois Movement. This Watch is not only a perfect time-keeper, but the graceful thin model gold-strata case lends it a beauty and distinction which will make it a constant joy to you every time you look at it.

Payments—Only \$2 a Month

This is the greatest "watch value" in America, but we do not ask you to take our word for it. Our plan is to send you the Watch on approval so that you can see the Watch itself, examine it carefully and wear it for a week before paying us any money or obligating yourself to keep it. We do not want you to send us one cent now. Just fill out and mail coupon below and we will then send you the Watch carefully packed, by registered mail. After you have worn this beautiful Watch a week, if you decide to keep it, you may send us only \$2 cash and then \$2 a month till our special price of \$22.50 is paid. But if the Watch is not satisfactory and you do not wish to keep it, then you may return it to us "express collect." So, you see, you take absolutely no risk.

Free Monogram Offer

To those who mail coupon below promptly, we offer to engrave by hand, their initials on the back of this watch in exquisite ribbon monogram letters. So then, if you answer promptly, you may have your own initials handsomely engraved by hand on the back of this superb watch, free of charge. Jeweler's regular charge is from \$1.50 to \$2.00, but if you are prompt, we will do it for you FREE. This is a great opportunity—one that you must not miss. Tear off and mail coupon at once.

LACLEDE
WATCH CO.
1127-29 Pine St.
St. Louis, Mo.

A Matchless Complexion For 15 Cents.

That small sum is the price of Pears' Soap, with its power to repair the harm done by common soaps and to give healthful, fresh and lovely skin. There's beauty in

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented



WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IF ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unexcelled prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1914 model bicycles.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone else until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-84, CHICAGO

PHOTO SUPPLIES FREE

Save money on your Photographic Supplies. We deliver right to your door, CHARGES PREPAID. Standard makes of Cameras, Lenses, Textbooks and supplies of all kinds for either amateur or professional at the lowest possible price. Your name and address on a postal will bring this big money saving catalog to you. Write today.

American Photo Text Book Co., 352 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa.

NO MONEY

Just ask for a generous trial bottle; 3-in-One cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces; saves old furniture. Write Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 ANF. Bldg., New York.

In Pittsburgh

(Concluded from page 8)

"Stand? And—my princely allowance—"

"Oh, you'll still be wanting money for special purposes, now and then. Let this run on till you're ready to use it."

"No. That's exactly it, father. I'm afraid—horribly afraid—I've been playing the philanthropist a bit. That ends now."

Darmon laughed. "How you socialists do rave at that word 'philanthropy,' don't you?" Guarded, straining, humorous, marshaling every ounce of his immense tactical resource, the man pitted himself against Fate undauntedly. "And I don't blame you, mind. I've seen something of philanthropy. It's a sickly, sniveling business; there's no logic, no common reason, in it. But you—don't you trouble, my boy. You've never been a philanthropist. You couldn't be. You're too practical—too much like your daddy."

"Yes," said Laurie. "Whatever else I am, I'm like you. In my little tortured way, of course. You call me a socialist. I don't even know whether I'm a socialist, in the real sense. If to be a socialist means building great dreams for the future, then I'm not. I haven't a dream in my head. I'm as far from the Utopian, the idealist, as a man could be. I've lived among some poets lately—I've learned to make a kind of guess, anyway, at their viewpoint. But I never rise to that. My instinct is straight utilitarian, industrial. I have to see things with my own eyes, touch 'em with my hands. I'm an organizer—almost a promoter. So, with your money, I've put up a couple of model tenements, launched into a new type of scientific trade school—"

"Well. Why not go on? It's done good, hasn't it?"

"I don't know—I'm not so sure. Anyway, I'm at the end of that, father."

DARMON gazed steadfastly across into his eyes. "Decent up-to-date houses, at the rent of rookeries, ought to do good. A school that you give your own life to ought to do good. Why don't you know?"

"Father, you've guessed—you understand. There's a feeling against me—"

"Your tenants and schoolboys don't like the source of your money, eh?"

"Oh, it goes deeper than just that. But the one fact does remain. My try so far has been an absolute failure."

"Dogs!" cried Darmon violently, slapping the arm of his chair.

"No, no, father. That doesn't do, either. The world is changing. There's a big spirit of revolt abroad. My college settlement work simply happens to have thrown me into the middle of it—that's all. We both know mighty well—"

Darmon started with a nervous bound to his feet. "Listen!" he called, fierce and staccato.

Laurie jumped with him. Both peered toward the open terrace windows, outside of which there had been an unmistakable slight sound of voices and scuffling. The windows were open to the floor; and as father and son continued to peer, strainingly on tiptoe, like a pair of nerve-leashed terriers, the curtains on that one toward the hall sharply parted, and a man and a young girl broke into the room. Driving them from a short step behind, with narrowed eyes and a cocked and leveled revolver, followed Harry Kennerd.

"Oho?" sneered Darmon, relaxing.

Laurie gasped unbelievably. "Eleonora!" he breathed. "Dankmann!"

The somber and devout-eyed girl under Kennerd's revolver pointed to her glowering companion. "Look out for him," she warned, in a dull, unemphatic voice. "Look out for him. He came to kill you."

"Kill me?" cried Laurie. "He came to kill me? But why, Eleonora—what for?"

"Because he's gone mad. He's been raving of you as a spy—a traitor—an informer."

"By God!" exploded Darmon. "Is this Russia?"

"An informer," murmured Laurie, hypnotized. "An informer."

"Mad, mad—it's because he's gone mad," monotonously repeated the girl. "But he'd have killed you. I had to tell myself—hurry—come. I was just in time to keep him from shooting, outside there."

"Will you ring for the police?" Kennerd reasonably demanded of his chief.

"Wait!" burst out Laurie. "O Eleonora!"—and Darmon had never heard him cry like that before. "What does it mean, Eleonora? What can it mean?"

"Listen, my friend. There is a great strike hanging here by a hair. Yesterday your father came to New York. You spent three hours with him. You told nobody—none of us. Last night you went to Verplanck's Workers' meeting, to discuss the Pittsburgh plans. You behaved queerly. Everybody noticed. Verplanck had you shadowed. Then he found you were coming here to-day."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Darmon harshly. The next instant he all but wrung his hands. "O Laurie, Laurie! You—you—*you*, Laurie—a grown man! How could you be so foolish—so trusting—so foolish?"

ELEONORA went on to Laurie in her toneless low voice. "Dankmann, my friend, was in the thick of all this. There are many things Dankmann does not understand—does not wish to understand. He is not merely a labor agitator. He is not merely an anarchist. He is a firebrand, a terrorist. And now he is a madman, besides. He said you must not be allowed to return to New York. He said he would follow and kill you, while you plotted here with your father against the Workers."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" groaned Darmon, rocking, his head between his hands. "In justice to me—my love—how could you, how could you? To be so foolish—oh, my boy—so trusting!" In fell, rapid cuts, the man's one fanatical weakness was undermining the whole towering and gigantic fabric of his strength. "To put yourself so blindly into their jaws—their open, waiting jaws!" He wept—this Joel Darmon, the great impregnable Pittsburgh symbol of Steel, fairly turned away his face, gray now as the granite stones of his house, and wept.

Into the ensuing slight pause, Dankmann's hoarse and tremulous voice broke cynically. "All this is very interesting," he jeered. "But it happens all to be lies. Search me. I have no weapons on me. No weapons of any sort."

"You had an automatic pistol in your hand two minutes ago, you rat!" commented Kennerd. "But you pitched it into the rhododendrons, didn't you? Well, all right. We'll find it when the police come with their lanterns and bracelets." He shifted his voice to Darmon without shifting his eyes. "Mr. J. C., I'll just march this gentleman out into the hall. Robbins can work the phone for me."

YOUNG Laurence Darmon, who had been lost in a kind of spell, took himself roughly by the throat, as was his habit in moments of stress. "No," he directed. "Let him go. Dankmann, you're mistaken. I'm no informer. I've tried my bit to help. Harry, put down your gun. Let him go."

Kennerd waited for Darmon, who, with back turned, made no sign. Slowly the secretary's revolver dropped to the side of his leg. "This way out," he nodded to Dankmann, indicating the window. "I'll see you to the street."

They went out at the window, the one keenly following the other, as they had come in.

Suddenly Darmon lunged about. "What's to be done?" he demanded wildly. In a bound he put himself close to Eleonora, who stood with head heavily drooped forward, fateful, inert. "What—what's to be done?"

"Nothing is to be done," said the girl coldly. "Your son cannot go back to New York—that's all."

"I shall go back to New York at once," announced Laurie. "To-night."

Darmon and Eleonora stared at him.

"But—you will not be as mad as Dankmann?" besought the girl.

"Laurie—" began Darmon.

THE boy shook his head. "I must start back to New York to-night," he said decisively; and in that teeming instant he seemed ruthlessly to have stripped his father of the famous mantle of initiative and force.

Slowly, blank step by step, Darmon came near to him, and extended a hand. "Yes, my dear fellow," he muttered brokenly. "You're right—quite right. Don't let any man drive you from your work."

\$7500 for Short Stories

With a view to securing for Collier's not only the best work of already famous story-tellers, but to encourage and develop younger writers in the field of fiction, the Editor offers \$7,500 in prizes for the ten best original short stories mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

Collier's is seeking talent, power, grace, humor, character, fancy and feeling;—not any special brand of story.

Send for the circular setting forth more fully the hopes and wishes that inspire this contest.

The winners will receive the usual price paid by Collier's and these prizes in addition:

First prize \$2500
Second prize \$1000
and eight prizes of \$500 each

On all sides it is remarked that this contest will be unique for the interest it awakes in authors, for the care given the reading of manuscripts and for the catholic gifts of the judges.

There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit.

Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 12,000 words. The preferable length for us in general is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the awards.

As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase as many of the unsuccessful manuscripts as seem suitable for publication.

All manuscripts must be mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

Prizes will be awarded immediately after the judges have rendered their decisions.

The copyright of prize-winning and accepted stories is to vest in Collier's Weekly. After the competition is closed, dramatic and book rights will be released to authors on request.

THE JUDGES ARE
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt
Ida M. Tarbell
Mark Sullivan

For full explanation of the Contest, send a postal today addressed to

SHORT-STORY CONTEST
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
414 WEST 13TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Hoodoo Mascot

(Concluded from page 18)

comin' down from his sleep, havin' the horse on his mind, poor mon! 'Tis the sore care to him."

"Has he no wan to hilp him?" asked Kerrigan.

"There was a sort of a mon to drive an' look afther the horse an' keep the lawn tidy," she said, "but it was up an' off wid him wan day 'tis a month now. A poor, wake creature. Belikes he's gone for good an' all, bad cess to him!"

"'Tis the job I was prayun' for this minut'," declared Kerrigan. "'Tis like the word out av the Good Book."

"Can ye tind a horse?" she asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Can I walk?" retorted Kerrigan. "I mind not which I did first. Sure, the back av a horse was me cradle, an' a horse me own mither, we wus thot frindly together."

"God be wid the owld days!" she said soberly.

"An wid yez!" he said. "But ut's pinun' I am for the care av a horse ag'in."

"Thin ye're the wan the owld docthor's been cravin' this manny a day. He's small faith in thin black min."

"'Tis more to the point av me argymint to know am I the wan ye've been cravin' yerself," replied Kerrigan. "'Tis there the shoe pinches."

"Glory be to the saints!" she said, with a laugh, "could I know before a year, or belikes two?"

"Ye've got the worrds twistud, me lass," he said warmly. "'Tis days ye mane, not years. I'd be undher the sod wid waitun' longer. I'd die like the snap av a whip."

"Ye'd be—" She sprang erect with a little gasp, for out by the barn arose the sound of scuffling and then a sharp voice of command. Then two figures appeared, coming on toward the house. Swiftly the girl caught Kerrigan's arm and led him to the rear of the kitchen, opening a door on the porch.

"Out wid ye!" she whispered. "I'll meet him at the ither door." She stooped and, catching up the terrier, thrust him into Kerrigan's arms. "For the love of Hiven! keep him shtill!" she added, and hurried back. With his ear at the door, Kerrigan heard the voice of the sheriff.

"Is this the man who ran through the yard this evening?" he was asking. "I found him prowling about the place, and caught him entering the barn. Is he the one?"

FOR a moment there was silence, and then Kerrigan heard the girl say curtly:

"So ye're back, are ye, Tim Rafferty? An' where have ye been the month gone?"

Kerrigan heard an embarrassed laugh and a voice reply:

"Hello, Mag! Ain't ye glad to see me once more?"

"But is he the man who ran through the yard in the early evening?" asked the sheriff, impatiently.

"God knows," replied the girl. "'Tw'd be like his thricks. He's the wan thot worrks for the docthor whin he has the mind." She hesitated, then added: "He's me husband."

"But could you say whether he was the one—"

Kerrigan heard no more. Softly he stepped from the porch, and, going on tiptoe around the far side of the house, slipped out of the gate. No one was in sight, and he walked rapidly. At the corner of the street he dropped the terrier, and went on. Once he turned back to look at the sleepy but faithful follower padding along at his heels.

"Aye, laad," he said, "'tis well they came whin they did. Belikes I'd been passun' me word to the lass in a bit more, me tongue's thot knacky. An' where w'd I have been thin, wid a lass an' a horse on me hands? God knows."

HE was outside the forecastle door early next morning, sousing his head in a bucket of water, when the mate came forward from the cabin, yawning sleepily. They looked at each other without surprise. The mate stopped.

"I guess you'd better rig up the triangle on the mizzenmast after breakfast, Tom, and scrape it down," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Kerrigan replied.

A smile just curved the corners of the mate's lips, but he quickly suppressed it. "Oh, before you do that," he went on, "there's a bit of paint scraped off the side of the afterhouse. It looks bad. You might touch that up before Cap'n Brewster sees it."

It was where Kerrigan had thrown the piece of scantling on his departure the night before.

"Aye, aye, sir," he answered cheerfully. "I noticed ut meself, sir, an' was thinkun' to do the same. The owld mon's careful av his paint, sir; there's no call to throuble him wid the sight. I'll do ut at wance, sir."

JUST then the terrier came out of the forecastle door, stretching himself sleepily.

"What's that?" asked the mate.

"'Tis a bit av a mascot I picked up in me wandherun' last night, sir," replied Kerrigan. "He's the fine wan for a joke. He'd lade ye into throuble an' out agin wid as divil-a-care clip as a praste w'd go to his prayers, sir."

A Punch— Not a Preachment

"The great body of advertisers in America is today one of the most substantial forces in protecting the public from fraud."

THIS tribute from Walter Dill Scott, professor of psychology in the Northwestern University, becomes tremendously impressive and indicative of the great work ahead when placed side by side with the astounding figures in the annual report of the Postmaster General.

The latter states that, in the last two years, swindling promoters have obtained \$100,000,000 by insidious advertising!

More than 4,000 cases, involving a fraudulent use of the mails, were investigated last year by the Department inspectors; more than 1,000 persons were arrested; and hundreds were convicted.

All reputable publications are doing their utmost to protect the public from the snares of the dishonest advertisers, and any publication that knowingly admits dishonest or questionable advertising to its columns is a dishonest and disreputable publication. There are no two ways on this question of Honesty—and there need be no splitting hairs over any visionary "fine points".

Clean, honest, wholesome advertising—advertising that benefits both the buyer and the seller—is easily recognizable. It is the only kind of advertising that is worth while and the only kind that you will ever find intentionally admitted to the columns of any publication of Character.

Any advertiser, agent, publisher, or solicitor who ignores or so far forgets his own self-respect and his duty and obligations as a citizen and a Man as to assist, in any way, in the promulgation of dishonest or disreputable advertising merits only the scorn and contempt of those who are striving for Honesty and Truth.

What the world is very much in need of is a little "brushing up" on the Golden Rule and the teachings that were heard on a mountain side two thousand years ago. There is a real practical side to this business of the "Brotherhood of Man" and it has a direct relation to Advertising.

A. C. G. Hammesfahr

Manager Advertising Department

No. 130

Love Can Die

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LOVE can die—Love can vanish, Hold Love close—fold Love surely
O remember this, vain heart, In the glowing days that fly;
Love that can all sorrow banish, Bind him with thy faith securely,
Love, too, can depart. Lest he weep—and die!

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 51

AUGUST 9, 1913

NUMBER 21

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers

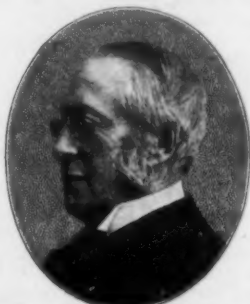
Robert J. Collier, President E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager
J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer Charles E. Miner, Secretary
A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1913 by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British Possessions, including Canada. LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-S Colborne Street. Price: United States, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$3.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

BOOKS



Copyright, 1899, by Notman, Boston

Power Comes From Knowledge

An individual who does not care to know never rises in the world.

Power comes from ideas set in motion.

If you have lost all desire to learn, you are on the down-grade.

It is only a question of time before an energetic knowledge-seeker will step ahead of you.

Everybody Can Now Afford Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

A New Popular Edition

If you do not own the Harvard Classics now is the time to obtain a set of the new Popular Edition at a price that puts this famous library of classics within everybody's reach.

This new, low-priced edition contains every chapter, every page, every word, that is found in the expensive de luxe editions.

It differs only in illustrations and bindings.

It is printed from the same clear-cut plates that were used in printing the celebrated Cambridge Edition.

The Popular Edition is well-made, handsomely and substantially bound, and is worthy of a place in any library.

This Edition is Dr. Eliot's Own Idea

In publishing this edition of the Harvard Classics we are carrying out Dr. Eliot's idea of the place this library should permanently hold as an educational influence.

He intended the Harvard Classics for the millions of men and women who are busy doing the nation's work—professional men, office men, farmers, salesmen, mechanics—for readers who have no time to read a roomful of books to gain a clear perspective of the world's thought and achievement.

"The World's Civilization on a Bookshelf"

That is a sweeping statement—"the world's civilization on a bookshelf"—to be used in describing a set of books.

It is not our own phrase. One of the readers of the Harvard Classics used it in writing to us about the set.

But sweeping as it is, it is true in the sense in which he used it.

Every powerful idea that has ever moved the human mind is to be found in these volumes.

It is a collection of books that has no parallel in the history of literature, because it is the product of a plan to present, in the limits of a single bookshelf, a series of volumes which would show the complete development of the human intellect.

It is not merely a collection of great books, printed in uniform binding, without coherence or system.

Every part of the library bears a relation to every other part.

Every book, play, poem or article in the set is *complete in itself*. It contains no unsatisfactory, chopped-up extracts.

You may read here in one volume, Darwin's epoch-making theory of evolution, told in his own words. Then, here are the finest examples of the Greek comedies, full of the genuine humor of a people dead two thousand years. Next, the Arabian Nights, that eternal collection of never-old tales—and there are the subtle ideas of Descartes, the father of logic—the essays of Montaigne—the best books of the Bible, the Koran, and the Sayings of Confucius—Adam Smith's famous "Wealth of Nations," the foundation of the science of

political economy—and there is Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Burns—the life-stories of the intellectual leaders of the human race, and—

The table of contents alone would fill several pages. The best way to learn all about the set is to write now for our

32-Page Booklet—Sent Free

This booklet describes the Harvard Classics, and gives Dr. Eliot's own official statement of the plan of the work. It is a beautifully printed little booklet, and is well worth reading.

The coupon printed as a part of this advertisement is for your convenience. Just fill it out, and mail it to us, and we will send the 32-page booklet by the next mail.

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

Publishers of Good Books
New York

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc.
416 W. 13th St., New York

Please send to me by mail, free of charge and without obligation of any sort on my part, the 32-page booklet describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name.....

Address.....

Look on the Label for the words "Compound" or "Blend"

ONE of the easy ways around the Pure Food Law is the use of apparently innocent words to cover up adulteration.

The man who is afraid to put a downright lie on his label and run the risk of a small fine for it when the Government catches him can be perfectly safe by calling his product a "blend" or a "compound". And a great many of the less-daring food counterfeiters make use of this easy little loop-hole through the law to fool you and me and the other folks who fondly believe that we can trust our eyes in buying foods.

These and similar words almost always indicate the presence of something which the manufacturer doesn't want you to know about, but they are only a mild form of deception, compared to the much commoner practice of putting a direct lie on the label.

Under our National Pure Food laws, there is nothing whatever to prevent the food faker from stating on the labels that his product is absolutely pure, claiming that it contains what you expect to find in it, and denying that it contains anything else. There is nothing whatever to prevent such a manufacturer from adding to his falsehood the impressive looking statement that the mixture is guaranteed by him under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, and even giving you a serial number which seems to indicate that the product has been tested by the Government and approved!

If you want to be *sure* of getting clean, pure, honest foods—every time—without fail, simply send for

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

and use it as your buying guide. It is just a handy, compact, classified list of the pure brands of every kind of food

—during the past ten years. It does not list *all* the pure foods there are, but it does list so many of them that your grocer is almost sure to carry at least one of the list it approves under each important classification.

You can *trust* this book. It is the result of impartial, cautious analyses, carried on in the town laboratory at Westfield in the interest of the food-buyer, and nobody else. The only way in which a product can gain admission to this book is to measure up to the highest possible standard of purity, cleanliness, and worth. The only reason for excluding a product after analysis is its failure to come up to those standards.

With a copy of this book in your possession, you can choose your foods as unerringly as if you yourself had had your own chemists analyze every one offered to you. You can buy on the basis of absolute knowledge, in the definite certainty that every food that finds its way into your kitchen is clean and pure and wholesome.

There is a copy of the book waiting for you at Westfield. Fill out the coupon and send with 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

Do it today. Take advantage of the plan which is making a quarter million American homes sure of food purity. Lock your doors once for all against the food debasers and the label liars who can only fool the people who guess at what they buy. What's the use of guessing when 10c makes you *sure*?



This isn't maple syrup—maple leaves and sugar camp on the label to the contrary. It's a blend—pure enough—but will the purchaser know that he is not getting what he thinks he is?

product, sifted out of many thousands analyzed by the Board of Health at Westfield, Mass.,—"the Pure Food Town"



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE
BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents, in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Last in, first out.

10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ Bags or
one pound glass
humidor jars

Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

WHETHER you are packing up for a week or a week-end, the big red tin of SMOOTHEST TOBACCO is a mighty good companion to take along. Everywhere you'll find it popular with the "boys on the road." Put it on top so it will be handy.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

22